

well than speak well, because their best Language to this day consists in Writing and not in Speaking; therefore it also happens, that Messages are not deliver'd by word of Mouth, but in Writing, though it be in one and the same City; for though this Language be very scanty of words, nevertheless, it is the pleasingest and most ingenious of all others; for whereas in any action we cannot express the manner of doing but in several words, the *Chineses* often comprehend it in one word: As for example, the word *Nien*, among them signifies *Taking hold with two Fingers*; *Tzo*, *Taking hold with all the Fingers*: In like manner, we make several uses of the word *Are*, when we say *They are a Bed*, *are at Table*, *are at the Tavern*; but the *Chineses* express the being and manner of being in one word; we also say, *The Foot of a Man*, *the Foot of a Bird*, *the Foot of a Beast*, never omitting to add the word *Foot*: But the *Chineses* to express the Foot of a Man, say, *Kio*, that of a Bird, *Cua*, that of a four footed Beast *Thi*.

The *Chineses*, considering they have no Alphabet, are accustom'd from their Infancy to express themselves by this way of sign'd Sounds, and very much wonder how we of *Europe* can write down their Words in *Latin* Letters, and pronounce them so plainly.

They use not the Sound of the Letter *R*. which they cannot Pronounce, nor ever put two Consonants together, without a Vowel between; so that to this day they call the *Franks*, *Falankes*, by whom perhaps, they, as well as the *Moors*, understand all the People of *Europe*, except the *Greeks*.

As for the Language of the *Tartars* it is much easier to learn, seeming in some measure to agree with the *Persian*, and having some Characters or Letters like the *Arabick*.

The Alphabet of this Language is said to consist of sixty several Letters, which may the rather be, because some of them have the force of Consonant and Vowel joyn'd in one, as *La*, *Le*, *Li*, *Lo*, *Lu*; *Pa*, *Pe*, *Pi*, *Po*, *Pu*.

In Reading they descend down-wards like the *Chineses*, and proceed from the Right to the Left side, as anciently the *Hebrews* and other Easterly Nations, and at this day the *Arabians* and *Chineses*.

FINIS.



THE  
Island Princess;  
OR THE  
Generous Portuguese.

Made into an

OPERA

As it is performed at the  
THEATRE ROYAL.

---

All the Musical Entertainments and the greatest  
Part of the Play new, and written by Mr. Motteux.

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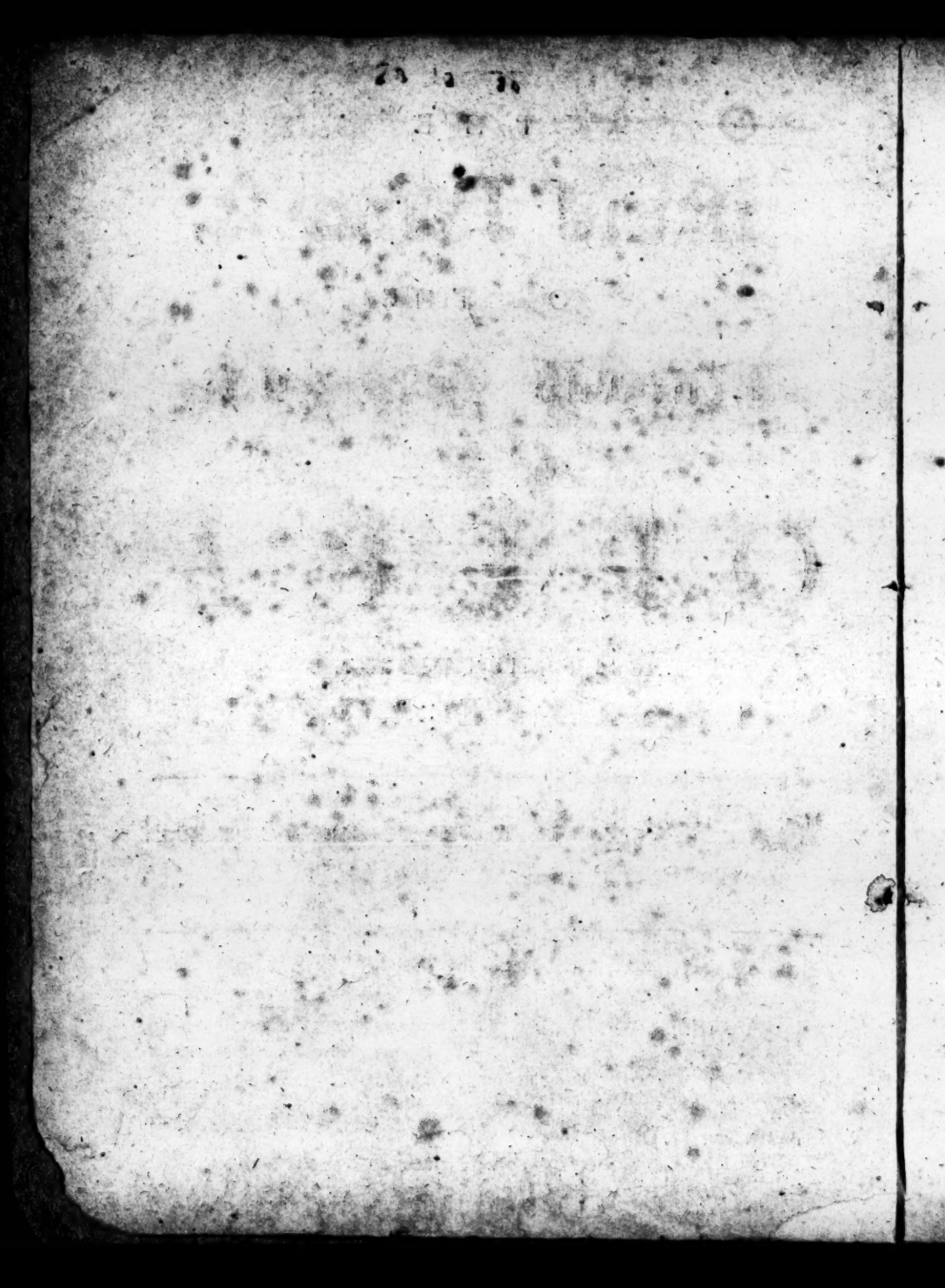
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Where Gentlemen may pick Novels at 6 s. the Dozen.





---

To the Honorable  
POPHAM CONWAY, Esq;

S I R,  
**A** Poetical Dedication is one of those Accidents, I had almost said Diseases, which few persons of extraordinary Merit and Fortune can escape, especially in this Town: soon or late it fixes on the most Conspicuous, and too often defaces the Beauties which it touches. The Apologies that usher in most addresses of this nature, sufficiently shew, that they are thought a trouble even by those who presume to make them. It may well then seem strange, that I should own this, and at the same time dare to approach in that very manner a Person for whom I would express the greatest Respect. Yet, Sir, these Considerations, instead of deterring me from the attempt, are perhaps the chief Inducements that embolden me to make it: For You are of too generous and obliging a Temper, and too great a Favourer of the *Muses* in general, and more particularly of Dramatic Performances, not to be expos'd to the danger of having some of them forc'd upon You, by way of Dedication, beyond a possibility of escaping such a Compliment. Therefore, Sir, I flatter my self with the thoughts of having a better Pretence to do You that civil Violence, than many others, who perhaps wou'd not use You so gently, but wou'd rudely invade Your Character, and put You to more pain than my tender Respect will suffer me to do. For 'tis but too common with some Authors in a manner to disiect their Patrons, and read tedious Lectures over every indivi-



## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

dual Qualification. Now, Sir, I am not inclin'd to run into such a Fault: My Zeal may indeed make me afraid of saying too little, but my concern for the satisfaction of the Person to whom I write, makes me still more fearful of being thought guilty of saying too much; if yet too much can ever be said of such merit as seems above the reach of Flattery; Praise is a Tribute due to Vertue and acceptable even to the highest Powers: We offer up our Incense, and they shower down their Blessings. But a vulgar and unskilful hand sometimes prophanes the Rites it would perform, and no common Expressions can illustrate uncommon Desert. Shou'd I say, that where-ever You appear, You captivate the hearts of one Sex, and raise the Envy and Admiration of the other, 'twou'd be but what is universally own'd, tho' no more than what has been said to many: And shou'd I wave Your outward Graces to speak of those Nobler Accomplishments of Your mind that only wait Occasions to signalize Your Life by a Genius peculiar to Your illustrious Family, I could do little more than enumerate the Endowments of the living Ornaments and springing hopes of their Country. For, tho' most men have discernment enough to admire, very few have Capacity to commend. In an extraordinary Subject, I wou'd say something new and worthy of it; but, in so beaten a path as Panegyric, 'tis next to impossible to make Discoveries; and little more than to give a new turn to old Thoughts is what can be done, even by Masters of Wit and Oratory. Thus, Sir, I please my self with the hopes of being the more excusable in not aiming at that Theme; since, after all, the greatest Artists might be reduc'd to speak like the rest of the World that would do Justice to Your  
Cha-

### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Character. Besides, some shining Truths, as well as Merit set off to advantage, are like those sparkling Diamonds which so much exceed the common magnitude, that they are sometimes suspected of not being what really they are. So blind some People are, not to consider, that a noble Soul looks most like her self in a graceful habitation. Certainly, Sir, had Yours been to have chosen her Dwelling, she cou'd not have pitch'd on one more worthy such a Guest. A transient sight of such Perfections may create Envy, but even that Envy must Convert it self to Esteem and Love upon a nearer view : For that Discretion, that Prudence which secures You from the dangerous Attacks of insinuating Designers, when joyn'd with Your sweetness of Temper, and other Qualifications, must blunt the Darts of the most repining Malice. The Judgment that attends Your kind disposition to oblige, never hinders it from becoming a diffusive Good, and only heightens the Favours You bestow, by Your Modesty in concealing them. Fortune is more oblig'd to You, than You to her. She has been thought one of those noble Prodigals who had rather be lavish of their Gifts than just in the payment of their debts ; but we must cease to accuse her of Blindness, when we see how deservedly she has heap'd her Favours on You. May You live to possess 'em long, and those richer Blessings, those native and acquir'd Treasures that so singularly set 'em off ; and may You ever believe me to be, what I am ambitious of appearing,

SIR,

Your most humble and

Most obedient Servant,

*Peter Motteux.*



## To the Reader.

**T**H<sup>O</sup> Mr. Fletcher's *Island Princess* was frequently *Acted* of old, and *Revised* twelve years ago, with some alterations, the *Judicious* seem satisfy'd, that it wou'd hardly have been relish'd now on the Stage. As I found it not unfit to be made what we here call an *Opera*, I undertook to revise it, but not as I wou'd have done, had I design'd a correct Play. Let this at once satisfy the *Modern Critics*, and the *Zealous Admirers of Old Plays*; for I neither intended to make it regular, nor to keep in all that I lik'd in the *Original*, but only what I thought fit for my Purpose. and the success has answer'd my intent, far beyond Expectation. However, I am not willing to attribute it to my self, but chiefly to the *Excellency of the Musical Part*. What Mr. Daniel Purcel has set is so fine, that as he seems inspir'd with his Brother's wonderful Genius, it cannot but be equally admir'd. The *Notes of the Interlude* set by Mr. Clarke have air and humour that crown 'em with Applause: And the *Dialogue and Enthusiastic Song*, which Mr. Leveridge set, are too particularly lik'd not to engage me to thank him for gracing my words with his Composition, as much as for his celebrated singing; Nor must I omit Mr. Pate's admirable Performance, which, with Mr. Leveridge's, gives life to the whole Entertainment.

I should now say something in answer to two late Books in which the *Discourse about the Lawfulness and Unlawfulness of the Stage*, printed before *Beauty in Distress* is examin'd: but I am too much engag'd in other matters to do my Friend and my self that Justice at present. Yet if the doubting Gentleman will be pleas'd to meet the Booksellers and Me; they and I can convince him or any Friend of his that the *Discourse* was really English'd and sent me by the person mentioned in the Title.

The *Dialogue in the 4th Act*, should have been sung in the first Entertainment, which, as well as the last, is not very proper for that place, nor wou'd I have let 'em appear thus but for Reasons as improper to be mention'd here.

## PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Powell.

**P**rologues, some say, are uselefs, grave or gay:  
The first but clog, the last ne're save a Play.  
Yet, since for hum'rous Prologues most you long,  
Before this Play we'll have a Ballad sung.

This

## PROLOGUE.

*This is our Play-wright's Thoughts : But we who know  
 The just Respect to mighty Names you show,  
 Think fit t' acquaint you, that, 'tis humbly own'd,  
 He rais'd his Structure on fam'd Fletcher's Ground.  
 This known, we hope we've little now to dread ;  
 You'll spare the Living, lest you wrong the Dead.  
 Perhaps too, when you know we wave our Pay,  
 At our own Cost t' adorn these Scenes to day,  
 In Pity to the Play'rs, you'll kindly use the Play.  
 Left by our Rulers for our selves to strive  
 When our faint hopes could scarce be kept alive,  
 Tho' by Misfortunes drain'd, we by your Smiles revive.  
 Your generous Pity wou'd not let us fall,  
 And, in Return, we freely venture all.*

Exit.

Enter Mr. Leveridge, who sings the following words.

1.

**Y**ou've been with dull Prologues here banter'd so long,  
 They signifie nothing, or less than a Song.  
 To Sing you: a Ballad this time we thought fit ;  
 For sound has oft nick'd you, when Sense cou'd not hit.

Then Ladies be kind,  
 And Gentlemen mind !

Wis-Carpers,  
 Play-Sharpers,  
 Loud Bullies,  
 Tame Cullies,  
 Sowre Grumblers,  
 Wench-Bumblers,

Mob'd Sinners,  
 In Pinners,  
 Kept-Toppers,  
 Bench-Hoppers,  
 High-Fliers,  
 Pit-Plyers,

Give Ear, ev'ry Man !

Be still, if you can !

You're always in Mischief for leading the Van.

2.

Ye Side-box Gallants, whom the Vulgar call Beaux,  
 Admirers of—Self, and nice Judges of—Cloaths,

Who,



*Who, now the War's over, cross boldly the Main,  
Yet ne're were at Sieges, unless at Compiègne.*

*Spare all, on the Stage,  
Love in every Age.*

*Young Tattlers,  
Wild Rattles,  
Fan-Tearers,  
Mask-Fleeters,  
Old Coasters,  
Love Boasters,*

*Young Graces  
Black Faces,  
Some faded,  
Some jaded,  
Old Mothers,  
And Others,*

*Who set up for Truth!*

*Who've yet a Colts-Tooth,*

*See us act that in Winter, you'd all act in youth,*

*Te Gallery hunters, who Love to Lie Snug,  
And munch Apples or Cakes while some Neighbour you hug  
Te loftier Genteels, who above us all sit,  
And look down with contempt on the Mob in the Pit!*

*Here's what you like best,  
Fig, Song, and the rest.*

*Free Laughers,  
Close Gassers,  
Dry Joakers,  
Old Soakers,  
Kind Cousins  
By Dozens,*

*Sty Spouses  
With Blowzes,  
Grave Horners,  
In Corners,  
Kind No-Wits,  
Save-Poets,*

*Your Custom don't break! Clap till your hands are;  
And though the Wits damn us, we'll say the Whims take.*

### Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Armusia,</i>	<i>A Noble Portuguese,</i>	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
<i>Ruidias,</i>	<i>General of the Portuguese in the Spice Islands.</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Piniero,</i>	<i>A Portuguese Officer, his Friend.</i>	<i>Mr. Thomas.</i>
<i>King</i>	<i>Of Tidore.</i>	<i>Mr. Evans.</i>
<i>The Governor,</i>	<i>or Tyrant of the Island of Ternate.</i>	<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
<i>King</i>	<i>Of Bakam.</i>	<i>Mr. Bullock.</i>
<i>Prince</i>	<i>Of Syana</i>	<i>Mr. Kent.</i>
<i>Quisara,</i>	<i>The King of Tidore's Sister.</i>	<i>Mrs. Rogers.</i>
<i>Panura,</i>	<i>One of her Women.</i>	<i>Mrs. Wilkins.</i>

*Bramins, Portuguese, Officers, Citizens, Guards and Attendants.*

SCENE the Spice-Islands.

THE

# The Island Princess.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### *The Entrance to the Temple in the Palace.*

*Enter Armusia, Emanuel, Sofa, and two other Portuguese Gentlemen.*

*Arm.* **W**E're now in those delicious Eastern Climes  
Where ev'ry Wind diffuses balmy sweets.  
The Treasure of the Sun dwells here; each Tree,  
As if it envy'd the Old Paradise,  
Strives to bring forth immortal Fruit. The Spices,  
Renewing Nature, can preserve her Beauties  
Untainted in the Grave. The very Rivers as we float along  
Throw up their Pearls. The Earth, still cloth'd in Flow'rs,  
Teems with the Birth of Gemms, and dazling Riches :  
Nothing that bears a Life but brings a Treasure.

*Em.* To wander, with us, Sir, you left betimes  
Your Country, tho' the darling of its Court.

*Arm.* We Portuguese with ease now journey thro' the Globe.  
New worlds disclose their Beauties and their Prides to our embraces,  
And we the first of Nations find these wonders.  
But of 'em all, this Island boasts the greatest ;  
A Princess whom all Nature's Blessings grace.  
The very Sun, I think, respects her Charms ;  
Nor dares affect 'em with the common gloom.

*Em.* So lately Landed, and already struck ! Beware, *Armusia* !

*Arm.* Your Counsel comes too late ——— Let's find the General,  
Our Countryman, *Ruidias* ———

*So.* 'Tis rumour'd, Sir, he loves her.

*Arm.* Ha ! ——— Yet I must on, in spight of Reason's Laws,  
He meanly loves, whom fancied distance awes ;  
Like a bright Star, she's fix'd and shines on 'igh,  
But Love has wings, and to her Orb I'll fly.

B

*Enter*



*Enter Piniero, Christophero.*

*Chri.* You're early here, *Piniero.*

*Pini.* Not so early, Sir.

But I've already seen our Watch reliev'd.  
And bid our Guards be careful of their Charge.  
The Fort is all our strength in these Spice Islands.

*Chri.* And sure our common safety  
Requires strict watch upon our Treach'rous Neighbours.

*Pini.* Their late attempt is yet too fresh among us,  
In which against the Laws of Arms and Nations  
The Governor of *Ternate* seiz'd by stealth  
This Island's Monarch, our confederate King,  
While for Diversion coasting in his Barge.

*Chri.* His Royal Sister, the admir'd *Quisara*,  
Has shew'd a noble mind, and tender'st Love  
To her unhappy Brother and the nobler  
Because his Fall wou'd raise her to a Throne.

*Pini.* Such Charms and Virtue with just admiration  
Have robb'd the Neighbouring Courts, and fill'd her  
Palace with Royal Suiters' —  
Our General is in among 'em too, ' and has the start, 'tis thought.

*Chri.* But have you seen *Armusia*,  
The handsome *Portuguese* arriv'd here lately?  
I fear he'll spoil his game, *Piniero.*

*Pini.* A Man of noble Promise,  
Without Reserv'dness Grave, and doubtless Valiant,  
For he that dares come hither dares fight any where.  
But hold —

We're in the Palace of the Island,  
Not our own Fort. D'ye mark these Preparations?  
Those doors lead to the Temple, where the Princess  
Has summon'd all her Lovers to assemble;  
But to what Purpose we are yet to learn.

*Chri.* But who are chief?

*Pini.* That swelling vanity, the King of *Bakam*.  
The next *Syana's* Prince; but, what's the greatest wonder,  
The haughty Governor, our Enemy,  
He that surprized the King, to gain the Sister,  
Is under formal Hostages arriv'd. —

*Enter Armusia, and his Companions.*

*Pini.* You're welcome, to *Tidore*, Sir!

Know

Know there is nothing in our power to serve you,  
But you may freely challenge.

*Arm.* Sir, we thank you, and rest your Servants.

*Chri.* Brave *Armusia*, you never saw this Court before—  
But hark, the Signal's given, and see the Pageants enter.

*Enter the King of Bakam, Syana, and Governour with their respective Attendants.*

*Arm.* These sure are Islanders.

*Pini.* And Princes.

*Arm.* What may he be that bears so proud a Port ?

*Pini.* The King of *Bakam*, Sir, a mere Barbarian—  
This is *Syana's* Prince ——— and that the Governour  
Who seiz'd the King, and keeps him Prisoner. ———

*Ba.* Away, ye Trifles ;  
Am I in Competition with such Toys !

*Sy.* You speak loud, Sir.

*Ba.* Young man, I will speak louder.  
Can any man but I deserve her favour ?

Ye petty Princes !

*Sy.* Thou proud vain Thing, whom Nature —

*Ba.* I condemn Thee, and that Fort-keeping Fellow.

*Go.* Ha !

*Ba.* Keep thy Rank, Thing, with thy own petty Peers—  
Call out the Princess ?

*Go.* Dost thou know me, Bladder ?

'Art thou acquainted with my Nature ?

What can'st thou merit ?

*Ba.* Merit ! I'm above it:  
Honour's my Servant, Fortune is my Slave.

I slight ye, Insects : had not the vain People

Bestowed some Titles on ye, I shou'd forget your Names.

*Sy.* Sir, talk less, that men may think you can do more.

*Ba.* Why, I can talk and do.

I tell you, only I deserve the Princess,

And make good, only I, if you dare, you,

Or you, *Syana's* Prince. ———

*Sy.* Here lies my Proof.

*Go.* I'll be short with you.

*The Temple opens, an Altar is discovered, and Priests near it. Enter Ruidias, Quisara in state, with her Attendants.*

*Rui.* For shame forbear, ye Princes ; rule your angers :  
You violate the Freedom of this Place,

The State and Royalty—

*Go.* He's well content I see, so I have done.

*Qui.* You wrong me, and my Court, contentious Priaces.  
Comes your Love drest in violence to seek us?  
Is't fit our Palace, and this Sacred Place  
Shou'd be polluted with your bloody Rage?  
He that loves me, loves my Commands; be temperate,  
Or be no more what you profess, my Servants.

*Omn.* We are calm as Peace.

*Arm.* What Command she carries,  
And what a sparkling Majesty flies from her!

*Qui.* Since you're for Action, I shall find you danger:  
But not this way: 'Tis not this mean Contention  
Among your selves, nor Courtship to my Face  
Who best can Love, or who can flatter most  
Shall guide my choice; he that will hope my Favour  
Must win me with his merit.

*Omn.* Propose the way.

*Qui.* First I shall call our Gods to witness what I promise,  
Now give me hearing. 'Tis well known to you,  
The King my Brother is Pris'ner to this Man.  
Were I Ambitious there I'd let him die;  
And wear his Crown; but greatness cannot tempt me  
To forget Nature, and a King's Distress:  
Therefore the Man that wou'd be known my Lover  
Must first redeem my Brother, or seek another Mistress.

*Arm.* Divine Creature!

*Chri.* A dang'rous task; how they stand gazing all!

*Qui.* I grant ye, this will be no easie work,  
But the Reward is certain—*Ruidias* cold!

Perhaps you doubt me, Princes.  
He that shall free the King, shall be my Husband.  
By that most bright and Sacred Shrine, I swear,  
Before these Holy Men I here proclaim it.  
No stirring yet?

[*Looks on Ruidias.*]

*Rui.* If, Madam, to attempt this Royal Rescue  
Thro' all forms of Danger  
Might crown your hope, I had not lost this Minute;  
But here, where Conduct must keep Pace with Courage,  
The starting fiery Will is rein'd with Torment  
To Judgment's slower march.

*Qui.* Take your own Method.



*Ba.* Madam, believe him here. I'll raise an Army,  
Shall bring him to you, Island, Fort and all,  
And fix it here.

*Sy.* What may be, Madam,  
And what my Pow'r can promise, I engage.

*Go.* Ha ; Ha !

Madam, their Pow'r and Arts are all too weak,  
'Tis only in my Will to give your Wishes.  
I seiz'd your Brother to secure you mine.  
Then thus the Treaty's finish'd ! Take your Prisoner,  
And make me yours, close Prisoner to these Arms :  
Say but the word, your Brother shall be render'd quick as your wishes.

*Qui.* Know, base Ravisher,  
I hate both you, your Country, and your Love.  
Heav'n knows how dear I prize his Liberty ;  
But ere I wou'd so basely buy his Freedom,  
Pd study to forget he was my Brother.  
By Force you took him ; he that wou'd possess me,  
Must fetch him back by Force, or ne're succeed.

*Arm.* Noble Spirit !

*Gov.* Be Wise, and use me better :

*Qui.* I say by Force, and suddenly— so return, Sir ;  
And glad we have kept Faith for your safe Passage.

*Gov.* How's this ?

*Pini.* Your hopes are great, good Governor.

*Gov.* Am I then made a Property ?

I'll check this Pride. This neglect of me  
Shall cost your Brother dear.  
For, as till now I've us'd him like a King,  
He now shall in a Dungeon fetter'd lye,  
Darkness and lingring Death for his Companions.  
And let me see who dares attempt his Rescue.  
Farewell ! And when you find him thus, lament your scorn.  
Nay, I shall make you kneel to take my Offer.

*Exit Governor.*

*Qui.* Provoking Insolence ! he dares you, Princes.  
Your Honour now's concern'd. Hasten, joyn your Powers ;  
When Majesty's thus wrong'd all Princes shou'd revenge.  
Oh that I were a Man to lead you on,  
To free a King, and punish that Barbarian,  
That Tyrant, who by treach'rous Force wou'd gain  
What ev'n submissive Truth can scarce obtain.

[ *Exit Quisara with her  
Train, Bak. and Sya.*

*Rui.* We must resolve and speedily. Walk with me Gentlemen.

*Exit Rui. Christ. and Pin.  
Manent.*

Manent *Armusia, Emanuel, and Sofa.*

*Em.* Now, Sir, you stand as you were charm'd.

*Arm.* O *Sofa*, O *Emanuel*!

*So.* What now?

*Arm.* This Captive King! What an Action  
Would this be to put forwards, Friends? What glory

*Em.* And what an everlasting Wealth to crown it!

*Arm.* To step into't while they are thinking.

*So.* Sir, 'tis impossible; The Fort's impregnable.

*Arm.* No more, dissuade me not, for I will rule in this.

*So.* If it must be ———

*Arm.* Stay not for second Thoughts—Oh! She's an Angel!

At least we can attempt; our very Fate

Will sometimes be the Theme of her Discourse,

And I would dye ten thousand thousand Deaths

To have her talk of me ———

Love, Love with all his Fires has shot himself

Into my Soul, and urges on to dare.

Shou'd we succeed, how vast is the Reward!

Come on, my Friends! — For such a Prize 'tis wise to hazard all;

Blest if we Live, and Glorious tho' we Fall.

*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Vault under the Castle.*

*Armusia, Sofa, Emanuel, and two more in Disguise, some of 'em with lighted Matches.*

*Arm.* O UR prosperous Passage was a lucky Omen,  
The Sea and Wind strove which should most befriend us.  
Where lies our Boat?

*So.* Safe lodg'd within the Reeds behind the Enemies Castle.

*Arm.* These Merchant's Habits too have done us service:  
Unquestion'd thus I've travel'd thro the Town,  
View'd all the Tyrant's Magazines; got knowledge  
Ev'n of the Prison,  
Where the King's dungeon'd, and the Power that guards it.

*So.* You attempt strong Work.

*Arm.* Courage is strong; besides a Monarch's Fate's in't;  
Yet lose or win, there's no retiring now.  
Thus far our Game holds fair, as Merchants we  
Have hir'd this Vault, and stow'd those Mattled Wares,  
That soon will blow it up.

*Em.* The Trains are laid, Sir.

*Arm.* Come nearer then,  
That no false Ear may reach us; o're this Vault  
The Castle stands, where the proud Governor  
Has stor'd his Arms and Treasure, next to that  
The Prison where the injur'd King is kept.  
The Fire I've brought shall break out into Flames  
That all the Island shall stand wond'ring at.  
When the Town's full of Fright, and all employ'd  
To quench the Flames, then fly we to the Prison,  
And push for the King's Rescue.

*So.* Fortune speed us!

*Arm.* Let us be worthy of it by our Courage,  
And so take leave, but keep still within sight,  
Till the Flames rise, then meet to do or dye.  
Fail not, dear Fire, and Powder, hold your Nature.



By useful Mischiefs nobly triumph here!  
 Redeem a King, and serve a matchless Fair,  
 Assist my Love, and make one happy Pair.

}

*Exeunt severally.*

### *Scene the Town of Ternate.*

*Enter Governor and one of his Captains.*

Gov. No, Captain, for those Troops, we need 'em not,  
 The Town is strong enough to stand their Furies.  
 D'you think they dare attempt to free the King?

Cap. Perhaps by Treaty,  
 But sure by Force they will not prove so forward.

Gov. Well, wou'd I had the Princess, I must have her,  
 In spite of all her scorn. — Hark! what's that?

That Noise there, it went with a violence.

Cap. Some Wall, belike, Sir, is fallen suddenly.

*Within.* Fire, Fire!

Gov. I hear another Tune, 'tis loud and dreadful.  
 Look up into the Town, how bright the Air shews!  
 Upon my Life some sudden Fire — The Bell too.

*A noise is heard like  
 the springing of a  
 Mine.*

*Exit Cap.  
 The Bell rings.*

*Enter 1. Citizen.*

1 Cit. Fire, Fire!

Gov. Where? Where?

1 Cit. Suddenly taken in a Merchant's Vault, Sir,  
 It blazes fearfully! help! help, good People.

*Re-enter Captain.*

Cap. Your Magazine's a fire, Sir, help, help, suddenly,  
 All will be lost.

Gov. Raise all the Garrison.

*Enter other Citizens.*

Gov. The Flames increase! help, help dear Citizens.  
 Freedom and Wealth to him that helps!  
 Fling Wine, fling any Thing, I'll see it recompens'd.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter 2d Citizen.*

2. Fire, Fire! What, my Brats hanging still about me! get you gone, you  
 young Bastards, go, go and plunder!

*Enter*

*Enter 3d Citizen drunk.*

3. I heard 'em cry Fire, I wish I knew where 'tis, I'm deadly cold.
2. Oh Neighbour, run, save your Goods, your House is a Fire.
3. I don't care, I've got the Key in my Pocket.

*SCENE changes to a Prison, and a prospect of Fire.*

*Enter Armusia and his Company breaking open a Door.*

*Arm.* So, thou art open, keep the Way clear behind still,  
Now for the place where the King lies.

*Em.* 'Tis here, Sir.

*Arm.* Force open the Door ; quick, while the Guards are scatter'd.  
All's in disorder — The Fire rages on —

Oh 'tis a glorious blaze — Ha ! a miserable object ! *(The King is discover'd.*  
Yet by his manly Face he shows a King.

*King.* Why stare ye on me ?  
You cannot put on Faces to fright me :  
In death, I'm still a King.

*Arm.* Quick, break the Chain !

*(They take off his Chains and put a  
Sword into his hand.*

Oh Barb'rous Wretches thus to use a Prince.

*King.* What does this mean ?

*Arm.* Sir, we are Friends, and come to set you free !

*King.* Heaven ! thou art gracious.

*Enter Guard.*

*Arm.* Ha ! the Guard ! Charge 'em !

*[They fight two Parties of Guards  
who at last fly.*

They fly ! the day is ours ! the King is free.

*King.* Thou gen'rous stranger, what art thou ! Some Angel sure.  
Oh ! if thou art a man, let me embrace thee ?  
Command my Pow'r, my Life .

*Arm.* Your Love, no more, Sir.

But now let's hence ! haste to the Boat,  
Then to *Tidore*, there, there is my Reward.

*[They go with the King.]*

Such a Reward ! Oh the thoughts on't transport me,  
 Possess'd of that, I shall think *India* poor.  
 There is no Wealth but she : She's Crowns, and Scepters,  
 Health, Freedom, Life, the Empire of the Globe ;  
 Nay, more, she's—she's the Woman I adore,  
 And with *Armusia* that outweighs the World.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter several Townsmen.*

1. What, is the Fire out, or past the worst yet ?

2. 'Tis out, Neighbour, but whether past the worst or no, I know not. I never so bestirr'd my self since I was a Man. I have been burnt at both ends like a Squib. I liv'd two long hours in the Fire. The Flame at last got down into my Throat, and broke out again I don't know where. I fry'd like a burnt Marrow-Bone.—If they had not clap'd in a dozen Buckets on this goodly Tenement of mine, I had flam'd up like any Tavern Brush, and been one of the seven Stars by this Time.

3. Well, of all the seven Elements, ware fire, say I.

2. Seven Elements, quoke he ! why, you talk as if the Fire had scar'd you out of your seven Sences ! I tell ye there are but four Elements : Water and Malt are two of 'em ; and Fire and Brimstone, the other. They've past thro' me a little too lately, I thank 'em.

3. Hold, I say, there's a fifth Element, right Brandy.

2. Thou art drunk ? 3. Right then, now I'm in my Element.

1. Ay, Neighbour, if ev'ry Man had wrought as you did.

2. Why, I stole nothing, you slandering Gackold you. That Son of a Batchelor is always back-biting a man to his face. I'd have you to know, I scorn your words. 'Tis well known I get my living at my Finger's ends, and that too I get out of the Fire, as a man may say.

3. How many Rogues were there pretending to help remove Goods, and ran away with 'em.

2. Ay, those unconscionable Rogues ! I hate 'em. I hate a Thief.

1. But is there not a deal of damage done ?

2. Only some six score houses burnt, that's all, Neighbour —

Come let's go home, and fright our Wives, for we look like Devils ! away ! yonder comes our Governor, a worse Plague than the Fire, he has beams enough yet standing to hang us all.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Rt-*



*Re-enter Governor.*

Go. Fool'd with a Fire ! Oh I could tear my Limbs.  
 • The King is scap'd, fled, past Recovery,  
 All, all my hopes of Love and Greatness lost.  
 Shall I give over then ? No, Spight, Ambition,  
 Revenge, and fiercer Love forbid it. Rather,  
 I'll venture all, and, in disguise, unknown,  
 Crown my Foe's Fortune, or retrieve my own. *[Exit.]*

*The Scene changes to the King's Palace in Tidore, thro' which  
 is discovered a Fleet of Ships of War. Enter Ruidias.*

*Rui.* Love bids me dare, but reason bids delay.  
 Our strength is now too small for such a Siege.  
 Yet I must on, the Princess Fires my Soul,  
 And though she seems to favour my addresses  
 Unless I free the King I must despair.  
 Well then, I'll die, or do't — We'll now embark —  
*[Shouts at a distance.]*

What means that Shout ?

*Enter Piniero.*

*Pini.* Where are you, Sir ? Oh you're undone, prevented.  
 The King's releas'd, he's coming in his Barge,  
 That met him nigh the Port.

*Rui.* Impossible ! who should redeem him ?  
 The Princes are all here.

*Pini.* 'Tis done, Sir.

*Rui.* It cannot be ! Done ! who dares do it ?

*[Shout again.]*

*Enter Quisara, Panura, and other Attendants.*

*Qui.* Can it be possible ! The King returning !  
 Freed by a Stranger ! Oh my Fatal Vow !

*Rui.* Grief strikes me dumb !

*Qui.* I thought none but *Ruidias* cou'd have freed him.  
 Is there another like him in the World ?  
 But Oh ! Surprise and Grief betray me, and I lose  
 The Sister's gladness in the Lover's sorrow.  
 Oh Brother ! cou'd I have thought I shou'd have shed a Tear

For your Return, unless it were for Joy !

*Rui.* Oh Princess !

*Qui.* The general Joy comes on,  
And I must meet it, but oh with what comfort ?

[*Shout again.*]

*Enter King attended with a numerous Train, Trumpets, Kettledrums and Music. Armusia, Sofa, Emanuel with him, Bakam, and Syana on each side with their Attendants and Guards.*

*King.* Rise my Sister !

I am not welcome yet, till you embrace me.

*Qui.* My Royal Brother ! Oh I'm lost in Pleasure,  
To see you safe again.

*Rui.* Sir, I rejoyce to see you here restor'd,  
But must repine, that 'twas not by my means :  
'Twas a brave Deed, I envy him that did it :  
Yet had it mist, my project had not fail'd.

*King.* I thank you, noble Sir, I know you love me.

*Ba.* I have an Army, Sir,  
That would have scour'd your Tyrant and his Country.  
I'm sorry you're releas'd, and wish you in your Dungeon again,  
That I might bring you hither at my Armies Head.

*Sya.* I have done nothing, Sir, and therefore think it  
Convenient to say little of what my Love design'd.

*King.* I like your Modesty — My gen'rous Friends,  
I thank you all ; I know it griev'd ye  
To hear my Misery : But this Man, Princes,  
I must thank heartily indeed.

This wondrous Man, even from the Grave of Sorrow,  
Has rais'd me up to Freedom, Life, and Empire.  
Oh Sister, if there may be thanks for this,  
Or any thing near Recompense, invent it.

*Arm.* You are too Noble, Sir, there is Reward,  
Reward above my Action too, by Millions ;  
A Recompense, so Rich, so Great, so Glorious  
I durst not dream it mine, but that 'twas promis'd  
Before the Face of Heaven.

*King.* O speak it, speak it, bless me with the Knowledge.  
Make me a happy man,  
For still methinks I am a Prisoner,  
And feel no Liberty, till that is found.

*Arm.* It is— (But first to Heav'n and you I bend;  
If either can forgive the high Demand )

It is your Sister, Royal Sir, She's mine.

I claim her, by her own Word, and her Honour :

It was her open Promise to the Man

That durst redeem you—Beauty set me on,

And Fortune crowns my hopes, if She receive me:

*King.* Receive you, Sir—Why, Sister! ha! turn from him?

Stand as you knew not me, nor what he has ventur'd?

My dearest Sister !

*Arm.* O Sir, your Pardon,

There is a blushing Modesty

That holds her back ; Virgins are nice to Love ;

I wou'd not have her forc'd ; give her fair liberty:

Ladies of her soft Nature, if compell'd,

Turn into Fears, and fly ev'n their own Wishes.

*King.* Look on him, Princess, is there such another ?

*Qui.* Sir, I confess,

My Word is pals'd, and he by that has purchas'd ;

But yet be pleas'd to give me Time to be

Acquainted with his Merit : we are Strangers,

And Love, like Pow'r, must pass thro Ceremonies,

E're it can fix in Virgin's hearts.

*King.* Be speedy.

You will respect your Word : I know you will :

I'll be your Pledge, my Hero : Come, my Sister,

Let's see what Welcome you can give a Prisoner,

And what kind Looks a Friend ———

Thus in my Arms once more.

*Arm.* You make me blush, Sir.

*King.* Let this Day see our whole Court crown'd with Pleasure.

### *An Entertainment of Music and Dancing.*

*Several Shepherds advance and express their Joy.*

*The Words were fitted to the Music, which is charmingly compos'd by Mr. Daniel Purcell.*

Whatever is mark'd thus ( " ) is left out in the singing.

*Mr. Leveridge.*

*Shepherd.*

This glorious Day, let Pleasures flow ;

Now Love and Hymen jar no more :

Ye Sports, appear, let Sorrow cease below !

Hither repair, the Golden Age restore.

Let Mortals share the Blessings of the Skies,

See *Love* for ever cease to rove ;

And own, tho' Nuptial Fews arise,

No Joys can Vye with Lawful Love.



Mr. Freeman.

*A Shepherd.*

Happy he who wisely chose  
 To taste of Love without his Woes.  
 "Happy She whose Charms improve  
 "The soft Delights of Harmless Love.

C H O R U S.

*Change may raise a wanton Fire,  
 But Truth can best improve Desire, }  
 And Kindles, never to expire.*

M. Pate and Mr. Leveridge. *Two Shepherds.*

Cease, ye Rovers, cease to Range  
 Pleasure revels least in Change.  
 Wandring still, and still uneasy,  
 Nought can fix ye, nought can please ye;  
 While True Love, like Heav'nly Joys,  
 Never dies, and never cloyes.

*A Shepherdess.*

"From drooping Minds let Sorrow fly,  
 "Joy must reign, and Anguish die.  
 "Souls who grieve for Coy Denying,  
 "Hearts now raging, Wretches dying,  
 "Know, that Lovers who pursue,  
 "Soon or late the Fair subdue.  
 "Blame your Fear when you despair,  
 "Not the wishing dying Fair.

Mr. Magnus's Boy.

*A Shepherd.*

All the Pleasures, Hymen brings  
 Lawful Sweets, and chaste Desires,  
 All the Pleasures Hymen brings,  
 Flow from ever-living Springs,  
 And never-dying Fires.

*A Shepherdess.*

Mis Lindsey.

The Jolly Swains  
 That were roving o're the Plains  
 From all Regions hither fly,  
 To claim kind Hymen's gentle Tye.  
 With their wanton Motions courting  
 Some lovely Maid  
 Whose Eyes persuade  
 To soft Delights, and am'rous Sporting.  
*Enter Swains and Shepherdesses, who dance,*  
 Grand C H O R U S.

*Love's Flame divinely burns:**The Golden Age returns:*

Jove, Juno, and Cupid, and Hymen agree,  
 All Hearts thus are blest'd, and less happy when free.

King

*King.* Lead on! Sister, your hand to my Deliverer.

*Arm.* Oh let me first approach it with a Kiss,  
Thus trembling with Extremity of Bliss.  
Wisely, bright Princess, you allay the Joy,  
Still slowly Bless, and leisurely Destroy.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## A C T. III.

### *The Palace.*

*Armusa, Sofa, Emanuel.*

*Em.* S I R, why so sad amidst so much good Fortune?

*Arm.* I want what Beggars are allow'd, Content.

*So.* Does then the King neglect you?

*Arm.* No, he is grateful ev'n to meer profuseness,  
But Oh his Sister, that disdainful Fair,  
That shou'd a little smile upon my service,  
And foster my Deserts, with care avoids me;  
Spight of her solemn Promise.

*Em.* And you go sighing up and down for this?

*Arm.* What would you have me do?

*Em.* Do what a Man that knows the Sex wou'd do.  
In such a Case, go to her.

*So.* That's the way.

*Em.* And talk as if you fought for her, boldly!

*Arm.* I shall do something; but with more Respect.  
Pray leave me to my Thoughts, and in an hour command me.

[*Ex. Sofa,  
Emanuel.*]

What shall I do to move her Soul to Pity?

*Enter Panura.*

Ha! This Woman waits on her—Lower I cannot fall,  
I'll try my Fate—Madam, May I presume—

*Pan.* 'Tis the brave stranger! a handsome Gentleman!

*How.*

How happy will she be in such a Husband !

*Arm.* You wait on the Princess ;  
With one kind Office you may bind a Gentleman  
Hereafter to be yours. Such beauteous Faces  
Shou'd have courteous minds.

*Pan.* Tell me your Business, Sir.

Yet if it be to her, I think your self

Wou'd do much better, I know your Interest.

*Arm.* I want assurance,

And am yet but a Stranger — I wou'd speak with her :

*Pan.* She's now alone.

*Arm.* Pray wear this, and believe my meaning civil — [*Gives her a Jewel.*]  
I wou'd speak to her in private.

*Pan.* You shall, Sir.

Be pleas'd to go with me ;

My Chamber's next to her's. But pray be secret.

*Arm.* As Death.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter King, Governor like an old Bramin, or Indian Monk.*

*King.* So far and truly you've discover'd to me  
The former Currents of my Life and Fortunes  
That I acknowledge you most Wise and Holy,  
And credit your Predictions.

*Go.* I have liv'd long sequester'd from the World  
To find out Knowledge, which I've now attain'd to.  
Many a Mystic Vision have I seen  
Wherein the good and evils of these Islands  
Were lively shadow'd. Many a Charge I've had too,  
Still as the Time grew ripe, to reveal these,  
And now I speak.

Beware these *Portuguese* !

The Cause is now the Gods : hear and believe, King !

*King.* I do, but know I've found 'em gentle, faithful,  
And am oblig'd to 'em for my Deliverance.

*Go.* O Son, the Aims of Men are to be look'd at  
Above their present actions :

These Men came hither, as my vision tells me,  
Almost starv'd, and Shipwrack'd, begg'd leave to Trade,  
Grew rich, then suck'd the Fat,  
And Freedom of this Isle, taught her to tremble,  
Witness the Fort they've clapt here on the Neck  
Of your *Tidore*.

*King.*

*King.* They have so, indeed, Father.

*Go.* Take heed! your late delivery is only  
A fair fac'd Prologue to future mischief.

Mark but the end of your Restorer!

Your Sister is his due. What's she? your Heir, Sir.

And what's he akin then to the Kingdom?

But Heirs are not ambitious — who thou suffers?

What reverence shall our Gods have? And what Justice

The miserable People?

*King.* You've well advis'd me.

And I will seriously consider, Father.

In the mean time you shall have fair access

To my Sister, dispose her to your Purpose,

And let me still know how the Gods determine.

[Exit King.]

*Go.* So, thanks to this false Beard, and falser Cant,

I've hopes to ruin thee, and my bold Rival.

The *Bramins* shall foment the Pious mischief;

And when each Party's weaken'd, I'll unmask,

Strike in between, and get the Princess and the Crown.

Revive my hopes! Revive! — Mankind to fool,

Still the great Maxim is, divide and rule.

[Exit.]

### SCENE III, *The Princesses Apartment.*

*Enter Onifara, Panura, and Page.*

*Qui.* Sing me a Song, then leave me — and if *Ruidias*

Should come and beg admittance, introduce him.

But stay — Will Vertue warrant this admission?

Surely, for once it may, in such an Exigence —

We must consult about this Turn of Fortune.

[*Qui.* searches self on a Couch.]

A SONG, by the Page. Set by *Mr. Purcel.*

*Lovely Charmer, dearest Creature,*

*Kind Invader of my heart,*

*Grac'd with ev'ry gift of Nature,*

*Rais'd with ev'ry grace of Art!*

*Oh! cou'd I but make thee love me,*

*As thy Charms my heart have mov'd,*

*None cou'd e're be blest above me,*

*None cou'd e're be more belov'd.*

[Exit Pan. and Page.]

*Enter Armusia.*

Shield me, ye Powers! What's here!

Sure 'tis the Phantasm of the Man I dread,

Form'd by my Fears! Who are you?

*Arm.* The fondest and most wretched of your slaves.

*Qui.* Who waits there? Rude Intruder, leave me.

[She sees him.]

What



What means this Treachery? Who let you in?

*Arm.* What could keep out the Love that brought me hither.

*Qui.* This is an Insolence unparalell'd,  
Nor shall my Brother's Love protect this boldness.  
I'm mistress of my self, and will not be  
Thus visited, spight of your boasted Service.

*Arm.* Bright Vertue —

*Qui.* Stand off, I read dishonour in your Eyes.

*Arm.* By all that Beauty they are Innocent.

Pray tremble not, you have no Cause, Fair Princess.

*Qui.* So base a violation of my Privacy!

*Arm.* If vertuous Love may claim a pitying glance,  
Look on me, and believe me! Is this violence?  
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet,  
And heaviest curse falls on him that intends it;  
If you mistrust me still, take this and sheath it here. [*He offers her his Dagger.*  
'Twill give a Wound less cruel than your doubts.

*Qui.* Why this Intrusion then?

*Arm.* With trembling aw to urge my Love and Service.

But hopes remove, the nearer I approach you,

And I even dread to claim what you have promised.

So much more easie was the task propos'd

Than to demand the Recompence. Oh Princess!

When greatness check'd the Fire your Beauty kindled,

Your promise fann'd is to a Flame. I dar'd,

But 'twas you quicken'd hope: Then kill it not;

My flame is grown too mighty to be quench'd;

Yet Oh, 'tis pure, 'tis free from selfish dross.

*Qui.* May I believe?

*Arm.* Wrong not your Charms that claim no less a duty.

Believe me all devoted to your Will.

*Qui.* Oh, Love! Why must I be ungrateful to such merit:  
Shall I exact a Proof of your Obedience?

(*aside.*)

*Arm.* Command a thousand, till I've tir'd your doubts

Set any task, Mortality may dare.

Point out new dangers, bid me Face Destruction.

Command me any thing — but not to Love.

*Qui.* Then hear me! Cease for ever to expect  
The Recompence you ask'd, and leave me now.

*Arm.* What have I promis'd?

Is this my doom, and is there no redress?

*Qui.* But one, which you must to my pity owe.

For I must blush to tell your Cure — I love —

My heart was all dispos'd before you claim'd it.

Fancy had got the start of your deserts,

Which yet I prize so high, that for your Ease

I force

I force my modesty on this Confession,  
To disengage your hopes, nor let the man  
That has so highly serv'd, depend on fruitless air.

*Arm.* Oh, Madam!—

*Qui.* Replies are vain: Obey!

*Arm.* Wretched *Armusa*. Doubly wretched now;  
What wilt thou do? Can'st thou resign thy Princess?  
Resign her to a Rival? Tamely yield

Thy beauteous Prize, and starve thy self to let  
Another Riot. Oh this Racks my Soul!

Grief, Jealous Rage, Despair, and Envy tear it.  
Bid me with naked Brest go storm a Breach,  
When thro' the dreadful gap a thousand Deaths,  
Rush down in Fires and Rocks and Iron hail.

But change th' ungrateful task. 'Tis death to hope,  
And hope's the Life of Love; 'tis torment in extrem,  
Wheels, Daggers, dying Pangs, and lingring Fires.

*Qui.* Hard fate! Why must I use him thus? But Oh!  
I must be cruel to my self or him, (Aside.)

*Arm.* Still dumb, relentless Fair? Well, I'll content you,  
And keep my Promise, tho' I lose my Life.  
Despair will make that easie, Joy attend you,  
While I withdraw to die; It should be at your Feet,  
But I will not Prophane this Place, nor cost  
Your heart a sigh, Farewel!

*Qui.* Stay, generous Stranger: your despair alarms me,  
Oh, promise me to live.  
See, see the Pity which I pay your anguish:  
My grateful Soul suffers no less than yours;  
For 'tis a pain to be so much oblig'd  
And Bankrupt in Returns. It kills my Joy,  
I'm angry with my self, and torn in two.  
I wou'd recall my heart, but Oh! I cannot. Fear, Duty,  
Honour, Shame, Pity, Gratitude and Love distract me,  
War in my Brest, my Head, my Soul, and strain the strings of Life.  
Oh leave, leave me, my Confusion is such,  
I dread to say too little or too much.

*Arm.* Oh stay; *Qui.* I cannot; must not. [going.]

*Arm.* Must I then leave you thus? Oh! if I must,  
First see th' affliction of my Soul, see now a separation  
More cruel more a death

Than that between the Body and the Soul:  
They part to meet again, to be more blest'd;  
But I to be divorc'd from Joy for ever.

Let me be mad, -ye Powers, or let me die!  
Oh Heavens! Oh Princess, Judge what I endure,  
When Death or Madnefs must bestow the Cure. [going.]

*Enter*

*Enter Ruidias, Armusia, is going off. They jostle one another at the Door accidentally.*

*Rui.* Ha ! who is this ?

*Arm.* Who art thou ?

*Rui.* My Rival with the Princess ! and so private.

*Arm.* Ha ! 'Tis *Ruidias*,

My happy Rival,

But hold out, Patience, yet !

*Rui.* Is there not door enough, you take such elbow room.

*Arm.* What I take I'll carry.

*Rui.* Confusion ! Know proud man, I love the Princess ; she harkens to my suit,  
And tho in *Portugal* you claim precedence,  
I'll have it here ; here I command the Fort,  
And that commands the Town. Be wise, desist,  
Or with my Sword —

*Arm.* You wou'd not use it here ?

*Qui.* Oh hold ! — *Ruidias*, you I may command,  
Forbear, and as you prize my Love, respect him.

*Rui.* Is then his Life so dear to you ? I'm lost.  
Had I your leave to wait on you, and for this ?  
Oh I've not Patience. Must I be outdone ?  
Out brav'd, out rival'd ? Must that Stranger get  
At once the start in Glory and in Love,  
And tread me like a name in sand, to nothing ?  
Death, and Hell ! shall I bear it ? tamely bear it ?  
No, ere I do, I'll give or take a Life.

*Qui.* Brave stranger, by your Love I charge you,  
Retire, and entertain no thoughts of Vengeance.

*Arm.* O my Patience !

*Qui.* 'Tis with you still : Oh do not chide it from you.

*Arm.* Weak flesh rebels, but you and Vertue Conquer.

I go, but judge, Oh judge ! ye tender hearts,  
What Pangs, what Racks the wretched Lover tear  
Who to his Rival leaves the darling fair.

*Qui.* Great soul, I am ashamed I cannot love him yet. [Exit Armusia.]

Now, you, whose Jealous Rage is so presumptuous,  
Know, I resent it and your disrespect.

Your Love stands yet upon my Courtesie :

'Tis true, I've suffer'd you to tell your Passion,

But I ne're promis'd you a kind return ;

And if you dare abuse your privilege —

*Rui.* *Armusia* here, and stealing out, when I  
Had hopes to be in private entertain'd !

What Lover cou'd have tamely born the sight ?

*Qui.* Know what I am ? how durst you doubt my honour ?  
I never taught you to dispose my Freedom ;

And

And had I promis'd you my heart, 'twere a less Crime

In me to change than in you to suspect me;

The first's but frailty, but the last ill Nature.

Is this your Faith? True Love is more respectful.

*Armusia* wou'd not pass so rash a Censure;

And I shou'd punish thee; I'll strive to do't.

'Tis still the Lot of groundless Jealousie

To bring on what it fears.

Vows, Duty, Gratitude concur to exclude thee,

Yet should I slight thee, should I chuse thy Rival

Blame most thy self, and learn how dangerous 'tis

To let a Woman, spight of Wisdom's Laws,

See that you're Jealous, tho' without a Cause. [Exit. Qui.

*Rui.* She's gone! what shall I do? Oh that *Armusia*

Hangs betwixt hopes and me, and threatens my Ruin:

He has her vows, fresh Services, the King,

And a vast stock of merit on his side:

I have but naked Love, and wav'ring too, I fear.

The Sword then in my hand, I now must try

To fix my Fortune, and o'recome, or die:

When Conquest can't by formal means be got,

A brave Despair may cut the Gordian knot.

## ACT IV.

*The Scene draws and discovers Armusia lying on a bank in a Grove of Orange-Trees. Emanuel by him.*

*This Dialogue is sung to him by a Clown and his Wife. Set by Mr. Leveridge, and Sung by him and Mr. Pate.*

*Wife.* **H**Old, *John*, e're you leave me, i'troth I will know  
Whither so smugg'd up thus early you go?

With clean Hands and Face,

Your best Band with a Lace,

Your Sunday Reparel when you shou'd go Plough,

So trim none wou'd think you a married Man now.

Hold, *John*, e're you leave me, i'troth I will know

Whither so smugg'd up thus early you go?

*Man.* Go, *Joan*, I wo'n't tell you: To lead a sweet Life.

I've learnt of my Betters to steal from my Wife.

Mayhaps with my Neighbour I'll dnst it away,

Mayhaps play at Put, or some other such Play.

*Wife.* I guess at what game you'd be playing to day.

*Man.*



*Man.* Don't plague me. The Devil's in Women I think!  
Go, *Joan*, I tell thee I'm going to drink?

Come, prithee, don't think that I've got no more Grace:  
Nay go, or I'll gi' thee a Dowse in the Face.

*Wife.* I'll find then some body to strike in your Place.

Why should you deny me? I never did you. *(Weeping.)*

Because I an't new, you won't give me my due,

But Troth if you wo't not, another shall do.

*Man.* If thus you e're do,  
Oh! how I'll belabour your Booby and you. *(Threatning.)*

*Wife.* If thus you e're do,  
Oh how I'll belabour your Trollop and You.

*Both.* Oh how I'll belabour { your Booby } and you  
  { your Trollop } and you, and you.

*Wife.* Well, *John*, do not go, *(Whedling and crying.)*

And I wo't not do so,

Do not go, my dear *Johnny*,

My Precious, my Hony.

*(She kisses him.)*

Oh pray do not go,

And I wo't not do so.

*Man.* Adfooks by that Busf I'm inveigled to stay,  
Come, *Joan*, come and spoil me from going astray.

# CHORUS.

*Wife.* Come give your best Band.

*Man.* Here take my best Band.

*Both.* Now, give me thy Hand.

*Man.* Thus 'tis with you Women.

*Wife.* Thus 'tis with you Men.

*Both.* Whene're you fall out 'tis to fall in again. *(Ex. Clown with his Wife.)*

*Arm.* In vain with Mirth you wou'd beguile my Cares.

Alas! I'm dead to Joy, and but a walking Trouble,

Insensible to all but Love and Grief,

To all but Grief, for Grief and Love are one.

Why wou'd my Rival kill me? If he hates me

Sure he shou'd bid me live! — Let's range the Grove

Perhaps I soon shall meet him, or my Princess.

Both can deal Death; yet I, like other Wretches,

Tho! that's my only Ease, must struggle with my Fate. *(Exeunt.)*

*Enter Governour and Quisara.*

*Go.* I wou'd talk further with you from the Gods.

You are a Princess of that Excellence —

Nay do not blush, I do not flatter you.

The Gods bestow'd this on you.

*Qui.* I own their Bounty.

*Go.* Apply it then to their Use, to their Honour,  
To ruine or convert those Misbelievers

Those

Those Portuguese; Invite 'em to our Temples——

*Qui.* Father we may sit yonder, and be still more private. (*Exit. Qui. and Go.*)

*Enter Ruidias and Pinero.*

*Rui.* What, did *Armusia* then return the Challenge  
You carried him? Will he not meet me?

*Pin.* He calmly told me, that he disapproves  
All formal Duels, yet that with a Sword  
He ev'ry Day is walking in this Grove.

*Rui.* Then let us strive to find him out — But see he comes.  
Now Love, Revenge, and Fortune guide my Arm.

*Enter Armusia, with Emanuel.*

Draw, *Armusia*!

*Rui. and Pin. draw.*

Dye or resign the Princess.

*Arm.* I will do neither.

*Armusia, and Emanuel draw.*

But hold, why must our Friends now share our Danger?

*Rui.* Stand still, I charge ye, as you honour me.

*Arm.* And, good *Emanuel*, hold——

*Pin.* 'Tis well you spoke——

*Rui.* Fight home, I will not spare you, (*They fight with Sword  
and Dagger.*)

*Enter Quisara, and Governor.*

*Qui.* Ha! fighting! hold! Oh hold, rash Men! Oh part 'em!

*Go.* Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another.

*Qui.* *Ruidias*, hold.

*Rui.* Unless he dyes, I'm hopeless.

*Qui.* If e're you lov'd, I charge ye cease! Oh! Father:

*Rui.* My Love were small, shou'd I desist.

*Go.* Oh let both fall, kind Fortune.

*Ruidias falls.*

*Pin.* *Ruidias* down!

*Em.* Stand still, or my Sword's in——

*Qui.* Oh hold *Armusia*.

*Rui.* I can expect no Mercy. Why do you not kill me then?

*Arm.* A Boy might do as much at this Advantage.

Will you not ask your Life?

*Rui.* 'Tis not worth asking.

*Arm.* Nor is it worth my taking in this Posture.

*Qui.* Spare him *Armusia*, spare him.

*Arm.* My Love is all Obedience. Rise, Sir, and take your Sword again.

*Rui.* Not against him that spar'd me! Oh curst Fortune.

*Go.* What have you done? 'Twere better they had all perish'd.

*Qui.* Father, be pacify'd; I'm working for the best——

This Jealous Rage and Disobedience cure me——

*Aside.*

*Armusia*, meet me in the Neighbouring Temple.

*Arm.* Madam, I shall——

*Exit Quis. Gov.*

Come brave *Ruidias*, let us now be Friends;  
Believe your Honor safe.

*Rui.*

*Rui.* Oh you have beat me both ways, and so nobly  
That I must ever love the hand that did it.  
But Oh the Princess. Both cannot possess her.

*Pin.* You cannot, Sir, unless She break her Vow.  
Come leave these Toys; and wed your Mistress, Fame.

*Arm.* Oh Sir, you ask too too much of a Lover.  
Ev'n I my self had rather leave the world, than quit so fair a Prize.

*Rui.* And you alone deserve her. Yet, *Armusia*,  
I cannot yet resign her, tho' I must.

The heat of Love remains, tho' the Soul hope is fled.

*Arm.* Yet let's be Friends. Why shou'd we hate each other  
For Sympathy in Love?

*Rui.* Too gen'rous Man, I cannot call you Rival,  
Let me embrace you; Let all hatred end.  
Oh thus I'm blest—What e're the Fates intend,  
I cannot lose, possess of such a Friend. }

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE the Temple.

*Enter Governor still Disguis'd and Bramin.*

*Go.* I need not now repeat what we've to dread  
From these bold mis-believing Portuguese.  
Therefore to ruine them, all means are just.  
Thus I've decoy'd to Princess the invite  
Her promis'd Husband hither, where no doubt  
He will Blasphe me our Gods.

The King will in Disguise hear their Discourse.  
You know your Time t'appear and back my words.

*Bra.* You need not doubt us in so good a Cause

*Exeunt*

*Enter Armusia and Quisara, meeting.*

*Arm.* See, Madam, at your Feet your faithful Slave  
Who studies new humility to please you,  
And takes a kind of Joy in his afflictions, because they come from you.

*Kneels to Quisara.*

*Qui.* Oh rise, Sir, I did not invite you hither  
Thus to prophane our Altars, but to ask  
A better Proof of Love than so misplac'd a Worship;  
A Proof which, since I've sworn, since you persist,  
Must make me yours, at least my grateful Duty.  
Few Brides, alas! at first have more to give.

*Arm.* Oh name it, Madam, what wou'd I not do,  
Tho' but to gain you thus: Love, greedy Love,  
That still unsatisfy'd, still murm'ring Passion  
Will pine, but since 'tis often but Esteem  
And gratitude improv'd, 'twill shoot at last  
Forc'd by a Zeal like mine. Oh then command me.

*Enter*

*Enter King and Governour both disguis'd.*

*Go.* Now harken, Sir, and as he treats our Gods  
So use him, or expect severest Judgments.

*Qui.* Change your Religion, and adore our Gods.

*Arm.* Ha! *Qui.* Renounce your Faith.

*Arm.* Heav'n forbid!

*Qui.* Offer as we do?

*Arm.* To Wood and Stone, vile Beasts, and cursed Devils?  
Is this the Proof you ask?

*Go.* O Blasphemy!

*King.* Peace.

*Qui.* I'll reason with you. Are not our Gods as great as yours?

*Arm.* They are senceless, wretched, and the worst of Creatures,  
Unfit to help themselves, much less mankind.

*Qui.* The Sun and Moon we worship, they are heavenly.

*Arm.* But I the Maker of that Sun and Moon

Who gave 'em Motion, Influence, and Light.

Excuse me, Princess, if my Zeal for Truth

Extort a gen'rous Freedom of my Tongue.

You shou'd have said, Instruct the King and me.

In that blest Doctrine that guides Souls to Heaven.

Oh may you follow that, destroy your Idols,

Beat down their Altars, ruine their false Temples—

*Go.* Oh horror! My Prophecy was true.

*King.* I'm sorry I came hither—I've heard too much. (*Exit King and Governour.*)

*Qui.* Thus far in Charity I was oblig'd

To rectifie the Errors of your Thought,

Nor can the Blame be mine to want success.

'Twas by these Gods that I was sworn to wed you

These upon blaspheme: You have renounc'd their Power

And thereby free me from all obligation.

*Arm.* You are too just to make this slight Evasion.

*Qui.* You shall both find me just, sincere and plain

Therefore resolve to quit your Faith or me.

*Arm.* My Life is yours, but my Religion Heavens

And I no more can change it than my Love.

*Qui.* You hear your Task.

*Arm.* Oh! Princess, cease t'injoyn what heav'n forbids.

Name any Task that Honour may not blush

To execute, Toyls, Dangers, Death it self,

But do not, do not tempt me to be bad.

*Qui.* Obey, and instantly; or from this hour

No Recantation shall prevail.

*Arm.* Call you this Charity?

*Qui.* Nay then——

*Arm.* You must not go.

What have I done, to merit this hard Sentence?

To have my very Soul rack'd, forc'd to quit

My Heav'n above, or Paradiç on Earth!



How well I love, how much I prize your Charms  
 My Life must show, but Honour, Conscience, Heaven  
 I never must forego. Must I then lose You or my self?  
 Can You persist? Must I be torn from you? I must —  
 Yet once more let me gaze — O now I cannot go.  
 Dreadful Strife! Cruel Struggle.  
 I must not look, nor leave her!

*Qui.* Farewel.

*Going, he holds her.*

*Arm.* Stay, stay, dear Mischief! — But what am I doing?  
 Ha! — Now I dread my Thoughts — assist, ye Pow'rs!  
 Awake my Soul! Oh look no more my Eyes.  
 Hush! Treacherous Love!

Since Heart or Soul must perish on this Sea  
 Sink thou, my Heart, to save the immortal Treasure.  
 Quit thy rich Claim, tho' while I so resign,  
 No Martyrdom sure ever equal'd mine.

Away, away! Oh! If I look I dye, (*He looks on her, then turns from her suddenly.*  
 There's no way left, to conquer, but to flye. (*Going.*

*Qui.* Heroic Soul! Stay! This confirms me yours.  
 In quitting, you have gain'd me. I resolv'd  
 To make the utmost Tryal of your Faith,  
 And in your Faith of you. I've long in private  
 Weigh'd your Belief: I find by you 'tis Heavenly:  
 You've prov'd the practice; and 'twas a blest Vision  
 Bespoke my Change, no sickness of Mind.  
 Whom shou'd I love indeed but him I've sworn to wed,  
 Who freed my Brother, and retrieves my Soul!  
 Heav'n, Reason, Duty, Gratitude, and Love decree it,  
 Your Faith and you for ever, now are mine.

*Arm.* Amazement! Ravishment! am I awake!  
 And are you mine! I will, I must believe it.  
 Oh happy Change! O unexpected Bliss.  
 Look down, ye Sacred Choirs, and share my Joys,  
 While thus I pay my Thanks.

(*Kneels and kisses her hand.*

*Enter King, Governour and Guards.*

*King.* Nay, start not, take my Confirmation too.  
 I promis'd you to let *Quisara's* Hand  
 Be joyn'd with yours, and here I ratifie it.

(*The King joys their Hands.*

*Go.* Ha! Did I plot for this!

(*Aside.*

*Arm.* Oh! Thought is drown'd in Joy. How shall I speak my Thanks!

*King.* Hold, as the Gods have seen me just to you,  
 To the r own Altars they must see me just.  
 Guards, seize your Prisoner —

*Go.* That's well retriev'd! Be sure you bind him fast.

*Arm.* Is this your gratitude?

*Qui.*

*Qui.* Bind your Restorer, Sir ?

*King.* Oh Sister, with Reluctance I'm severe.  
Had he offended me, I had forgiven,  
But to our Gods the injury is done,  
Blasphem'd, Revil'd : Yet still he may be yours,  
He must appease our Gods by humble Worship,  
Or fall a Sacrifice where he blasphem'd 'em ;  
And sure to save his Life, and gain you, he'll submit.

*Arm.* To serve my Princess, to secure my Joys  
I'd rush thro' Seas, thro' Fires. I'd smile at danger,  
I wou'd do any thing, but injure Heaven,  
And to serve Idols were the greatest wrong.

*King.* What means my Friend ? sure you'll not lose your self,  
Oh quick, recant, submit, appease our Gods  
And those more angry Men that awe me, and the People.

*Go.* He instantly must own our Gods or die.

*Arm.* What, use my breath t' abjure the Pow'r that gave it,  
Renounce, th' Almighty Being ! Worship Hell !  
No more ; bring me to Torments, Racks, and Fires ;  
I'll offer there my self : But when I quit my Faith,  
And grow unworthy thus of her and mercy,  
Let me dread ev'ry Curse that guilt deserves,  
Want, Shame, Diseases, and what's worse, her hate,  
Despair on Earth, and worse Despair below.

*Go.* Mildness but hardens him. Our *Bramins* here demand him.  
This Temple has its Prison ; there they best  
Will work the wish'd-for Change.

*King.* You're wise and holy :  
Act for the best, but still respect my Friend.

*Go.* Fear not. Death's no misusage of a Rival. [Aside.

*Qui.* Oh, Sir, do not resign him to his Foes.  
Rather exert your Pow'r. O save him, save your Friend.  
I know he'll ne're abjure his Faith.

*Go.* Then he must die.

*Qui.* He shall not die ! Oh ! Sir, why turn you from me ?  
See, on her knees your Sister begs his Life ;  
With tears she begs it, save the Man that freed you,  
Him I must wed, and wed by your command.  
Must I bring on his death ? O spare him ! Father, holy men,  
Joyn, joyn with me : True Piety is mild.

Oh whither wou'd you lead him ! stay ! stay ! Take me too.  
I'll not out live his Loss. No, I'll now save his Life,  
Or lose my own. Our Love and Faith are one :  
Our Fates must be the same.

*King.* How's this, *Quisara* !

*Bra.* She raves.

*Qui.* No, thou false Man, like him I serve a Pow'r

That

That gives me strength to scorn your cursed Idols.

*King.* Ha ! own his Faith.

*Qui.* I do, I do ! Oh spare him ! spare your Sister !

*King.* O fatal sound.

*Go.* Take him away, he hardens her in Error : [Exit Arm. guarded.

*Arm.* Oh Princess !

*Qui.* O Sir, will you then let him go ? call, call him back !

*King.* O Sister ! have a care, lose not your self ; he will recant.

*Qui.* Oh never, Sir ; ev'n I wou'd not to save him.

Then save us both. Nay, do not, do not fly me.

My hopes are all in you. Oh ! hear me, hear me !

Let not blind Zeal prevail ! save your own honour,

Can you resign us to be Butcher'd, mangled,

Our Limbs torn, and abandon'd to vile wretches ?

Your dearest Friend, your Sister ! sure you cannot !

Our hearts are near akin, and mine wou'd bleed

To see you thus distress'd. Thus I bore your affliction.

*King.* Oh I shall lose the Monarch in the Friend.

Rise, rise, *Quisara.* *Qui.* Oh Sir !

*King.* Sister ! *Qui.* Brother ! Friend !

*King.* Let Crowns be lost, and let me save my Sister and my Friend.

Thus in my arms, thus let me ever guard 'em.

*Go.* Ha ! all goes ill. Run, Call the *Bramins* hither.

(To the Bramin.

Hope not to save 'em, tho' you lose your Crown.

(Exit Bra. and re-  
enter presently with  
the Choir.

No, King, the Gods can punish them and you.

Nay, if you pause, I've Judgments to denounce

From angry Heaven. The Sacred Choir attends ;

Leave her to us, we'll only fright and preach her from her Errors —

Or put it past your Power to save her or my Rival.

(Aside.

*Qui.* Oh, King, do you then yield me up ! Hold, wretches ;

Touch not my hand. I'll freely go to Dungeons,

Nay, death it self, for such a Noble Cause :

Tho' Earth forsakes us, heaven will mend our Fates.

And pour severest Vengeance on your heads.

Yes, cruel men, then tremble, fear its anger,

Dread, dread its fierce Revenge ! our blood will claim it.

But hold ! we ought to love our very Foes.

Then Bless these Men : thou power of mercy, spare 'em.

May they like me their Idol Gods despise,

And dare to fall, more gloriously to rise.

(Exit Qui. with Guards

*King.* I fear you'll not prevail. Oh urge not then and Bramins.

The Vengeance of the Gods too far : for if you do —

*Bra.* To clear your doubts we'll move the angry Powers  
By solemn Incantation.

## An Incantation set by Mr. D. and Purcell.

"Hear thou by whom the rattling Thunder's hurl'd !  
Hear, Parent Sun, bright Eye, and Monarch of the  
( World.

Mr. Bowen.

*A Bramin.*

Hear, gentle Moon, pale Queen of Night,  
And ye resurgent Orbs of Light,  
Great Court of Heaven so ample and so high,  
And all ye swarming Commons of the Sky.

## CHORUS.

O Skies ! O Sea ! O Earth ! on all Your Pow'rs call  
E're the Blasphemers fall,  
Oh hear our solemn call.

Mr. Freeman.

*Another Bramin.*

Hear, ye friendly earthly Powers,  
Gods of kindly Fruits and Flowers,  
Who, unseen, delight to trip  
Where Birds flutter, hop, and skip,  
Where there warble, chirp and coo,  
Where in Whispers Zephirs woo,  
Where poor Eccho sweetly grieves,  
And murmurs thro' the Leaves.

Mr. Pate.

*Another Bramin.*

Rouse, ye Gods of the main !  
Take Vengeance on those who your Altars prophane.  
Hush no more the loud Storms ! Command them to blow,  
Till foaming with Rage the Waves roar as they flow,  
"While they heave and they swell,  
'Toss the Slaves to the Skies, and then plunge 'em to hell.

Infernal Pow'rs, grim sullen sprites  
Who fill our Souls with dire affrights !  
By all the dismal yell,  
And horrors of your hell,  
Your dreadful Pleasure tell.

F

End



End with the Verse, *Hear ye Gods of the main, &c.*

Gov.

The Gods are Sullen, and displeased. But see  
The Ancient Seer, who oft declares their will.  
Advance, wife *Bramin*, while by Pow'r of sound,  
We Prompt some God, by Thee to 'inform a Doubting Monrach.

An Old *Bramin*, comes forwards and Sings,

## The Enthusiastic SONG.

*Set, Sung, and Acted, by Mr. Leveridge.*

O H Cease, cease, urge no more the God to swell my Breast !  
The Mansion dreads the greater Guest.  
But lo ! he comes ! I shake ! I feel, I feel his Sway,  
And now he hurries me along.  
Then, Clouds, believe, and, Kings, obey,  
'Tis Heav'n inspires the Song.

Haste ! To the Gods due Vengeance give.  
Hark ! From their Seats they cry,  
Who lets Blasphemers live,  
Shall by Blasphemers die.  
Haste, haste, due Vengeance give.

“ Let the Sound  
“ Echo all around.

Haste, haste, due Vengeance give.  
Beware ! Ten thousand, thousand threatening Ills I see !  
Invasions ! Wars ! Plagues ! Ruin ! Endless Woes !  
Ah wretched Isle, I weep for Thee,  
Save, save thy self, Relinquish the God's Blaspheming  
Now, now the Thunder roars. ( Foes.  
The Earth now groans and quakes.  
The rising Main a Deluge pours.  
The World's Foundation shakes.

Hell-gapes ? The Fiends appear !  
Oh hold, ye angry Pow'rs, relent, or we despair.  
See, we fulfill  
On your Foes your dreadful Will.  
See the Throng  
Hoot 'em, as they're dragg'd along.

Now

Now they tear 'em, now they dye ;  
 All appland, and shout for Joy.  
 Peace returns, all Nature smiles,  
 Happy Days now bless our Isles,  
 Now we laugh with Plenty crown'd,  
 Merry Sports and Love go round. —

" The Vision's o'er ! — The God deserts my Brest.

" Hush ! gently bear me hence to Rest. [ *He is led off.*

*Gov.* Now, Sir, you've heard the Gods confirm their Doom.

*King.* They yet may Change.

*Gov.* It must be quickly then.

*King.* I'll try to win 'em. —

*Gov.* Leave us to do that.

We dare not trust your Nature with the Parly.

*King.* Delay awhile.

*Gov.* Take heed ! Dread, dread the Gods, if you defer their Doom.

*King.* Am I a King, and must they dye ! my Sister, my Restorer !

Oh Death is in the Thought ! First let it reach me.

Let Vengeance rage, and sweep me from the World, —

But Oh this will not save 'em. I must yield.

But judge my Grief, all great, all gen'rous Hearts !

Why do we boast of Pow'r ? A Crown's a Pageant ;

Kings are but glorious Slaves, controll'd by Odds,

The Priests, the People, and the greater Gods.

When These are touch'd, 'tis They the Scepter Weild,

And Kings, those petty Substitutes, must yield.

Empire's a stinted Grant, a Taste of Pow'r,

And we but Rule to feel Restraint the more.

Gods, do us right : 'Tis Just we be withstood

When doing Ill, but not when doing Good.

*Exeunt.*

*The End of the Fourth ACT.*

## A C T V.

*The Curtain slowly rises to mournful Musick, and discovers a Prison, Quisara lying on the Floor, all in White, reading by the Light of a Lamp ; her Women in Black, some, Standing, others Kneeling by her, and Weeping : The Bell Tolls sometime before she speaks.*

*Quisara.* **H**OW blest is Piety ! It cheers my Soul,  
 Ev'n here, where I'm preparing for my Fate,  
 Of all but you forsaken ! — Do not Weep,  
 You break my Peace of Mind, — Nay, then I beg,  
 I must not now Command, retire a while — [ *Ex. Women.*  
 Grief is Infectious, — Now I think on them,  
 On my Distress, and poor *Armusia*, Doom'd  
 For me to fall, I Weep, — [ *The Bell tolls again.*  
 Hark ! The Bell tolls again ! Our fatal Hour is come.

*Enter Armusia in Chains.*

*Arm.* Oh my rack'd Soul ! How shall I stand this Sight,  
 The strongest Tryal they cou'd put me to ! Oh !  
*Qui.* Ha ! Whence that Groan ?  
*Arm.* Oh Princess !  
*Qui.* Oh *Armusia* !  
*Arm.* How shall I dare t'approach that Soff'ring Vertue !  
 And yet I must. Thus then, now let me crawl,  
 And in this Agony breathe out a Soul  
 Rack'd with unutterable Love and Woe.  
*Qui.* Oh 'tis too much, thou best, thou only Lover,  
 Thou Lover of my Soul. I only grieve for thee.  
*Arm.* And shall I not Grieve for you, betray'd for me to Death ?  
 Not Grieve to see you here ! Oh ! Hopes of Heav'n,  
 'Tis only you, in buoy up sinking Vertue,  
 When such a Tryal comes. Let Pagan Fiends  
 On Racks Distend me, Burn me, Tear my Limbs,  
 I'll Smile, so you be safe. They cannot hurt me ;  
 But when they Pain you, then my Heart they'll Tear.  
 Oh ! at the Thought I shake, I bleed, I rave, and I despair.  
*Qui.* I Glory in my Fate ; then calm thy mind,  
 Dear Man ; I've only Tears to pay thy Worth,

But

But we shall meet in Heav'n at better Nuptials,  
There no bad Men shall interrupt our Joys.

*Arm.* Oh now you've rais'd my Soul from one Extream to t'other.  
I dare Rejoyce ev'n here.

*Enter Officer.*

*Officer.* I'm bid to tell you, You must now attend  
T'appease our Gods, or Dye. 'Tis the last Summons.

*Qui.* We come.

*Arm.* To Dye.

*Qui.* To Triumph.

*Arm.* Yes, my Bride.

But, sure I first may claim a Chaste Endearment  
Due to a Bridegroom, and a Dying Friend.

Yes, blushing Saint, and thus I seize the Blessing, —

My Soul is on the Wing to mix with Thine :

Another Kiss, and they'd for ever joyn.

Oh ! since below we taste such Sweets in Love,

How great, how vast must be our Joys above !

[ *Kisses her.*

[ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE. *The Temple.*

*Enter King, Bramin, and Governour.*

*King.* Oh ! yet delay your Pious Cruelty.

*Gov.* It makes me Weep to urge their Punishment,  
But ev'n your Crown's at stake, if 'tis deferr'd.

*King.* They come. I dread the Sight, yet still must try to win 'em.

Solemn Musick ] *Enter a Procession of Barmins, as to the Sacrifice.*  
*Armusia and Quisara Wreath'd and Bound.*  
*Guards and Attendants.*

*King.* I force my self to see you thus, to save you.  
Sister, *Armusia*, Oh, once more I beg, —  
Save, save your Lives.

*Arm.* Name not these Toys, when Heav'n's concern'd ; For that, Sir,  
I cou'd forego ev'n her, and yet what's Life without her ?

*Qui.* And I shou'd hate him, cou'd he love me more.

*Bra.* Oh quick worship our Gods.

*Gov.*



*Gov.* Oh Princesses. —

*Arm.* No more.

*Qui.* Away, deluding Men.

*Bra.* Your Life, —

*Am.* Take it, *Bramin.*

And all the Misery that shall attend it.

*Bra.* Make the Fires ready.

*Qui.* Heav'n gives us Strength to dread 'em not.

*King* Yet, Stay.

What shall I do to save you, Stubborn Pair ?

Look on me, like the Criminal I beg,

And Majesty's fled from me, to you.

Why will you Kill me ? Or, what's worse than Death,

Afflict me thus ? Oh you've no Pangs to dread

More painful than I suffer. O submit —

*Arm.* Save your mistaken Pity for your self, Sir.

*Bra.* They must Dye instantly, they'll pervert all else.

You see all's ready, Sir, then pray retire,

Or we must Strike before your Eyes.

*King.* 'Tis hard, ye injur'd Powers ! Must I permit you Justice ?

Oh Sister —

*Qui.* Come, Grieve not, Sir ! you wound my tender Soul.

Farewel. And may our Deaths instruct you how to Live.

*King.* Amazing Love, and Fortitude, and Zeal !

And shall I let you Dye !

Such Vertue, sure, deserves a better Fate.

*Enter Messenger.*

[ *Guns let off at a distance.*

*Mes.* Arm, Sir ! Seek for Defence. The *Portuguese*  
Fire from their Fort and Ships upon the Town.

Gen'l *Ruidias* sent t'inform us now

He'll Beat it down, unless *Armusia* be set Free.

*King.* Hah ! Dares he do't ? Must In-mates too Controul us ?

Ev'n in this Case I must Resent th'Insult ;

And, were I Rash, I wou'd Revenge it here.

However, bear 'em back to Prison, Guards :

And you demand a Parley.

[ *Ex. All, except Governour.*

*Gov.* Curst Event ! Had now my Rival Fall'n,

I'd yet found means to save her.

[ *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE. *The Town.**Enter several Townsmen.*

1. **B**less us, what Thundering's here, what Fire-spitting.  
 2. And how the Guns take the side of a House here, and the side of a House there, and mend them up again with another Ward.

3. I had the Roof of my House taken off with a Chain Shot, and in the twinkling of an Eye another clap't in the place on't.

2. That's a Gun I'll Swear.

1. You think he Lyes now, I ha' seen a Steeple taken off with a Chain Shot, and another put in the place on't, with Twenty Men Ringing the Bells.

3. Pish, what's that! I saw an Old Man's Head set upon a Young Man's Shoulders. —

But, Woe be to the Potters, I saw a Hand-Granado in one of their Shops, just now, and the Pots, Pans, Pipkins, and Glasses, at Fisticuffs with it, at such a rate, you'd ha' Sworn, a whole Troop of Devils had been at Foot-Ball there.

1. For my part, I'm afraid we shall all find ourselves Knock'd o'th Head to Morrow Morning, as soon as we are awake.

*Omnes.* Like enough.

1. They've rid me of as good a Wife as a Man wou'd desire to part withall. I met a Hand with a Letter in't just now in post haste, and by and by Whiz comes the Leg after it, as if the Hand had forgot half it's Errand.

3. Ay, I saw the very Man that had lost these Goods, come Hopping upon his t'other Leg that was left, to raise a Hue and Cry after the Bullet that had Robb'd him of half himself.

2. Why, d'ye think there's any Law for these Cannon Bullets then?

1. Law! No. Prethee run to a Granado when it comes Piping Hot out of a Mortar-piece, and tell't you'll take the Law of him. — I do but think what Lanes a Chain-shot wou'd make in the Law, and how like an Als a Judge wou'd sit on the Bench with his Head shot off.

3. I must confess, to have one's Head shot off, wou'd put any man out of Countenance.

1. A friend of mine lost his Head just now, a very Honest Fellow, a Taylor, and 'twas no sooner off, but a Lawyer's Head that no body own'd, dropt out of the Clouds, and settled upon honest *Stiche's* Shoulders; the Fellow's Ruin'd by't — for he never spoke a True Word since.

2. What shall we do?

1. Let's to the King in a Body, all and one, and desire him to Compound with the Foe for such Limbs as we want most in our Callings. — Let me see, Thou art a Fencer, thou shalt give thy Legs to secure thy Arms. Thou'rt a Dancer, thou shalt give thy Head to secure thy Heels.

3. Thou'rt

3. Thou'rt a Cuckold, thou shalt give thy Horns to secure thy Head.  
 2. Lets about it instantly, and go to the King.  
 1. Aye, so he is not where the Bullets fly. If he be, I must desire his Majesty to come to me.  
*Omn.* Agreed, agreed. [ *A Gun is let off the first Townsman drops.*  
 3. What's the matter, now. —  
 1. Oh I am Slain, let me be carried off quickly, before I come to my self, for I cannot indure to be Shot to Death, as I am a living Man.  
*Carried off.*  
 [ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE. *A Field or broad place near the Fort.*

*Enter on one side King, Gov. Guards, &c. Ruidias and the Portuguese.*

*King.* How dare you offer to prescribe us Laws  
 Proud *Portuguese*, and thus abuse the Liberty  
 My Predecessors gave you to fix here ?

*Rui.* Thrice in my Prince's Name I sent to claim *Armusia*,  
 And Thrice you by your Priests sent word you scorn'd the Summons.

*Gov.* That was my work. [ *Aside.*

*King.* Ha ! Did they dare do this ? Abuse my Name ?

*Gov.* Nay, then I must be quick. Despair assist me. [ *Aside* [ *Exit Gov.*

*Rui.* Once more I claim him as my Prince's Subject.

*King.* Our Priests too claim him from our injur'd Gods,  
 He's Doom'd by them to Dye, nay, ev'n his Bride my Sister.

*Rui.* Curs'd are the Mouthes that doom'd 'em ! Quickly save 'em.  
 I'll hearken to no Terms till they're deliver'd :

Ev'n you should pray me to do you that Justice,  
 I'll pay the Debt of Honour, which I owe him,  
 Do you the like, Sir, nor be still Deluded.

*King.* But, Oh the Priests, the People !

*Mef.* The People, Sir, beg they may both be spar'd.

*Rui.* Then leave me, Sir, to take 'em from their Foes.

*King.* I can no longer what I wish oppose.

[ *Exeunt*

*The Scene draws and discovers the Prison. The Governour dragging Quisara by the hair with a Dagger at her Brest.*

*Qui.* Help, help !

*Gov.* Be dumb, or this shall make you so — be kind ;  
I'm not the old Drone you think.

*Qui.* O why d'you drag me thus ? hold.

*Gov.* I come not here to talk. I ev'n want Time  
To seek out my curst Rival, and with This —

*Enter Armusia in Chains.*

*Arm.* Ha ! Villan !

*Gov.* Art thou here ?

*Qui.* Oh save your self and me, run, call for help.

*Gov.* Hold, if thou stir'st, I strike.

*Arm.* Oh Misery, oh horror !

*Gov.* Stay, I'll ease thee.

*Qui.* Help, Murther, help.

*Enter Ruidias and all the Portuguese. The King with Guards.*

*Rui.* Ha ! Monster ! Seize him — how ! The Treach'rous

*King* What do I see ! my cruel Enemy ! (Governor !

*Rui.* Art thou a Prophet ?

*Gov.* Curst Fortune !

*Qui.* Blest deliverance !

*Arm.* Surprising Change !

*King* How have I been abus'd ! ye gen'rous Souls,  
You've half perswaded me t' embrace your Faith.

You're free. Be happy now. Haste to the Pallace,  
Let Sports and Mirth Revive ; Feasts, Revels, Masques.

Guards take that Fiend, and ere we punish him,

Let the Croud see their Prophet.

*Gov.* Confusion ! Thirst of Revenge, and Frantic Love

*Arm.* How shall I thank you, Sir ?

(undo me.

*Rui.* I've scarce yet paid my debt, Sir.

Thank your own Virtue and my Death to hopes,  
Dispair has murder'd Love. I still withstood your Right,  
While Honour gave me leave. No more ; let's to the King.

*Arm.* O Princess still I doubt I dream,  
I dare not yet trust Fortune.

*Ruidias seizes the  
Gov. by his false  
Beard and Hair,  
which come off,  
and discover him.*

[ They unbind Armusia.

*Exit King, Gov.  
Guards and the  
Portuguese, all but  
Rui. and Arm.*

[Exit Ruidias.



Still as I reach my hand She draws back her's,  
And snatches from me her deriding Favours.

*Qui.* Oh, trust my heart, brave Man, that tells me now we're blest.

*Arm.* I must be so, 'twere now a Sin to doubt it.

Yes, Pleasure comes too strong not to be real.

I want a Name to call this Bleeding by.

Oh Fortune, like her Sex, is wisely coy,

And deals us Sorrow but to raise our Joy.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE changes to a Palace.*

[*Enter King. Courtiers, Roid. Pin. Portuguese, Guards, &c.*]

*King.* Come all, and share my Joys, Peace Reigns, the People pleased,  
I've punish'd my worst Foe, and sav'd the best of Friends.

Let Music now resound. Begin the Sports

To entertain our Court, while I and They,

Too full of our new Joys to relish others,

Look back with pleasing Horror on past dangers.

*Enter Armusia and Quisara.*

*Arm.* Oh! Sir! accept my silent gratitude, words were not made to speak  
I cannot speak my Thanks. (a Joy like mine.

*King.* Rise, you're excus'd from words.

You must have time to calm the stormy Bliss.

Then leave awhile this bright Assembly here

To Mirth and soft delights.

We'll ease with Talk our Pangs of Joy within.

Now spight of Subtle Foes all Danger's past,

And Heav'n on Vertue shows Rewards at last.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The End of the last ACT.*

*The*

*The Four Seasons or Love in every Age. A Musical Interlude.  
Set to Music by Mr. Jeremy Clarke.*

*This Entertainment is perform'd at the End of the last Act, but was design'd for another Season, and another Occasion: And what is mark'd thus (\*) is omitted.*

**T**He Overture is a Symphony, lofty, yet gay: At the latter part, it changes to a flat adagio; to which mournful Movement  
Mr. Leveridge. *The Genius of the Stage appears in a melancholic Posture, with attendants.*

Genius. "Mourn, drooping Seat of Pleasures, mourn.

"Mourn what all others bless, the Summer's warm Return.

Chorus. "Mourn, drooping Seat of Pleasures, mourn!

"Thy darling Guests, thy fair, thy best Supports,

"For rival Fields forsake our lovely Sports:

"We grieve alone, while Birds and Shepherds Sing.

"Alas, we bear a Winter in the Spring.

Chorus. "Mourn, drooping Seat of Pleasures, Mourn!

Mr. Freeman. *While a gay March is perform'd Apollo appears.*

Apollo. Rouse, rouse, ye tuneful Sons of Art!

The Soul of Numbers and of Days,

Infusing Life in ev'ry Part,

Appears, your fainting hopes to raise.

"Advance in Crouds, soft Pleasures, sprightly Joys,

"Tune ev'ry Lyre, raise ev'ry voice.

"Advance, soft Pleasures, sprightly Joys.

"While your \* *Amphion* plaid, and Sung,

"Your *Tebes* in decent Order sprung.

"Let harmony be thus employ'd,

"To raise what Discord has destroy'd;

"And Musick, that ev'n Trees can move,

"Shall draw the Fair from ev'ry Grove.

\* Mr. Henry Purcell.

Revive, ev'ry Pleasure, and die, ev'ry Care!

Ye Ages of Life, and ye Seasons appear!

Show now, that, as Love in all Ages can warm,

So Harmony here in all Seasons can charm.

*The Chorus repeat from*

Revive, ev'ry Pleasure, and die ev'ry Care! &c.

*While the Chorus repeat that verse, the Scene changes, and discovers the four Seasons, on four several Stages. The Genius and some of his Attendants withdraw.*

*Miss Campion. Enter a Girl of Thirteen or Fourteen years old.*

*Girl.* Must I a Girl for ever be!  
Will n'er my Mother marry me!  
They tell me, I'm Pretty,  
They tell me, I'm Witty:  
But when I would Marry,  
She cry's, I must tarry,  
Must I a Girl for ever be!  
Will ne're my Mother marry me!

*Mr. Magnes's Boy. Enter a Youth.*

*Youth.* Oh! Miss! The Spring is come again,  
The pretty Birds sing, bill, and cooe:  
All dance in Couples on the Green:  
'Tis time we shou'd be doing too.  
My Dear, let's marry; then will you and I,  
As Man and Wife together ly.

*Girl.* Peace; naughty Thing! I heard one say  
That Marriage is no Children's Play.  
Think you to have me for a Song?

*Boy.* Besides, they tell me I'm too young:  
No, now to wed betimes is common:  
When e're you marry, you're a Woman.

*Girl.* Come, I must have you, quickly too,  
Fy, why d'you make so much ado?

*Boy.* Fy, I'm asham'd! Fy, what d'you do?

*( he kisses her. )*

*Both repeat their last Line together.*

*Boy.* Be quiet, or I'll call my Mother.

*Girl.* Nay, prethee, let me take another.

*Both repeat their last Line together.*

*Boy.* Another Kiss, and then ———

*Girl.* What then?

*Boy.* Another, and another.

Come, never fear, you'll quickly know,  
Tho I am little, soon I'll grow.

*Girl.* Oh, no, no, no. Oh, no, no, no.

*Boy.* Oh let us go. You'll find it so.

*They repeat their last Line together for a Chorus.*

The

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The Dance of Spring here.

*Enter two young Lasses with Baskets of Flowers, and Nosegays in their hands. They Dance.*

*Enter to them two young Sparks, the Lasses, dancing, offer 'em Nosegays, curtisying, and smiling. The Sparks make love to 'em.*

*Mrs. Lindsey. Enter a Country Lass with a Rake, as at Hay-making.*

1.

" Oh Why thus alone must I pass the long day !  
" Were a Gentleman by, 'twere sweet to make hay,  
" And on the Grass coupled to jig it away. }  
" I'll then go sell all, ev'n my Rake and my Pail,  
" To buy a high Topping, and hugeous long Tail.  
" Your Powder'd wild Bores will then all come to woo,  
" I'll learn how to flaunt it, and quickly come to, }  
" And serve a Town Husband, as other Wives do.

2.

" I hate a dull Clown who knows hardly what's what,  
" Who shrugging and grinning stands twirling his Hat,  
" Nor dares tell a Body what he wou'd be at. }  
" With smoke and worse-Liquor he sots and he Feasts,  
" And instead of his Mistress he fondles his Beasts.  
" With his hands in his Pockets he whistling goes by,  
" Or by me on a Hay-cock he snoring does lie, }  
" When the Booby much better himself might employ.

*Mr. Leveridge.*

*Enter a Town-spark.*

*Gent.* 'Tis sultry Weather, Pretty Maid,  
Come, let's retire to yonder shade.

*(She stands bashfully  
hiding her face.)*

Pray, why so shy ? Why thus d'ye stand ?  
Sure 'Tis no Crime to touch your hand.  
Oh let me take a civil kiss !

*(She Curtisies when he  
kisses her.)*

What harm is there in doing this ?  
Fy, why d'ye cover thus your Brest ?

One:



One Favour more, and then I'm blest.

( She bashfully puts  
him off )

Lafs.

Oh pray, Sir.

Nay, nay, Sir.

Oh fie, Sir.

Oh why, Sir.

Why do you

Now pull me thus to you ?

( Aside. ) Oh what shall I say !

When a Gentleman suitors 'tis hard to say nay—

I'm e'en out of Breath ; Oh, dear ! what d'ye do ?

Good La ! Is it thus that you Gentlefolks woo !

Good, Sir, do not hold me.

Gent.

Good Lafs, do not fly.

Lafs.

What good can I do you ?

Gent.

Come yonder, we'll try.

Lafs.

No, no ; I can't find in my heart to comply.

*Enter an African Lady, with Slaves who dance with Timbrels. A  
Negro Lord makes Love to her.*

Mr. Pate. *Enter a Lusty Strapping Middle-ag'd Widow all in Mourning. She  
weeps and blubbers.*

Oh my poor Husband ! For ever he's gone !

Alas ! I'm undone.

I sigh, and I moan.

Must I these cold Nights lie alone !

Alas ! I'm undone——

I did what I list :

We kist, and we kist :

But his Health soon he mist,

And thro Business and Care he ceas'd to be gay ;

And at last, poor Soul ! he dwindled away,

We wrangled

And jangled

When in an ill mood,

Yet often like Pigeons we bill'd and we coo'd.

'Tis done.

Oh ! he's gone

Alack, and alack

I must now for ever do Penance in Black.

*Enter*

Mr. Leveridge.

*Enter a Drunken Officer, Reeling, he bickups.*

Offi. Why, Widow, why Widow! What makes thee so sad?

Art thou mad?

If one Husband is gone, there are more to be had.  
Come, I'll be thy Hony! — Leave keeping a Pother,  
One Man like one Nail serves to drive out another.

Wi. How! Talk so to me! What, think you I'd Wed?

'Tis scarce a Month yet since my poor Hony's dead.

Offi. A Month! 'Tis an Age. You're mad to delay.

Most Widows now chuse e're the Funeral Day.

Wi. Not I: I'll ne're do't. Fy, what would People say?

Offi. They'll say, you're a Woman. Come, away with this Fan!

See! See! ---here's a Shape! ---here's a Grace, ---here's a Leg!

I'll get thee with Twins, till a hundred and ten. (here's a Man,

You lie, ---go, you'll talk at another rate then. *(She pats him in*

Offi. Then try me.

*a smiling way.*

Wi. Leave fooling.

Offi. I'll do't by this Kifs.

By this, this, and this!

I'll be hang'd if I miss.

Wi. Oh should I do this?

Offi. Twill ease you of Pain.

Wi. Go, you're a sad Man!

Offi. I'll kill thee with Kindness.

Wi. Ay, do if you can.

*A French Country-woman with Grapes and other Fruits comes in,  
in Wooden Shoes, a French Vintage-maker makes Love to her in  
a Dance.*

While

While four of five Bars are perform'd  
 by a Thorough Base, enter an Old Gentle-  
 man, in an Old-fashion'd Dress, following  
 a Young Lady, or Girl, and pushing a Youth  
 from her. An Old Woman, in an Old-  
 fashion'd Dress, comes and Thrusts him  
 away from the Young Couple, The Old  
 Woman sings like one without Teeth.

Old Wom. Hold good Mr. Fumble, Fy! What do your mean,  
 To court my my Grand Daughter? She's scarce yet fifteen.  
 And you H'us'te; why stay you? go get you to School,  
 Your Baby go dandle,  
 I'll handle

This doating old Tool.

Old Man. Hold, hold!

Do not scold.

With my Grandson go cooe.

( He points to the Youth )

You love him I know.

Together go cooe!

" Good Lad, prethee do.

" Tho he's somewhat bashful, he'll quickly come to.

I'm not yet so old,

I long to be at her, to have and to hold.

( To the Girl.

I'll wed thee,

I'll bed thee,

I'll rouse thee,

I'll touze thee,

I'll give thee what's better and sweeter than Gold.

Girl. No, no, you're too old.

Old Man. Dear Girl, why so shy?

Girl. Old Man why so bold?

Old Wom. Good Lad, how d'you do?

Boy. Ne're the better for You.

Old Wom. Hold! Boy! I am brisk yet.

And gayly can frisk it

I've yet three good Teeth, and a Stump.

And see I can caper and jump;

Old Man. Why thus do you shun her? What makes  
 you so bold?

( Jumps  
 to the Boy,

Why

*Old Wom.* Why thus do you shun him? What makes  
you so bold?

(To the Girl.

*Boy and Girl.* Indeed you're too old.

*Old Man.* I find 'tis in vain!

(To the Old Woman:

Come, no longer let's strain.

Let the Young take the Young, Let the  
Old take the Old.

(The Old Man goes  
and takes the Old  
Wom. by the hand,  
and she him, hug-  
ging one another.

We'll hug our selves warm, now the Wea-  
ther is cold.

*All the four repeat the last two Lines as a Chorus.*

*Enter a Dutch-woman with a Stove-warming her self, her Cloaths lin'd  
with Furs. An Old Miser makes Love to her in a Dance.*

*Enter Cupid, who sings.*

(Enter the Ages and Seasons.

Come all, come all —

"Let soft Desires your Heart engage,

" 'Tis sweet to Love in ev'ry Age.

"Ev'ry Season, ev'ry Creature,

"Yields to Love, and courts his Joys.

"None are Truer, none are Sweeter

"When Discretion guides the Choice.

"Cupid with the Four Ages and the Four Seasons, mingle in a Dance  
while the following Grand Chorus is sung.

*Grand Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments.*

Hail, Soul of Desire!

Hail, Guide of the Year!

All Ages you fire.

All Seasons you cheer.

Thus ever conspire,

And reign ev'ry where.

"Love blooms in our Spring.

"In our Summer it grows.

"In our Autumn 'tis ripe.

"In our Winter it glows.

*The four Parts of Music an-  
swerable to the four Ages of Life  
and Seasons of the Year, sing each  
the Line that's suitable to them.*

*Then all together.*

Hail, God of Desire!

Hail, God of the Year!

All Ages you fire.

All Seasons you cheer.

Thus ever conspire,

And reign ev'ry where

F I N I S.  
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The



THE  
EPILOGUE.

*Enter Mr. Penkethman thrust forwards.*

**H**Old, pray don't thrust me on — hold! I'm ashamed.

Well, if I speak, the Op'ra will be damn'd.

D'you think by me to get an all of Grace,

And gain the Ladies with my Charming Face?

No, I'm too Modest, and dread coming on,

As a poor Poet dreads a hiss or dun.

I doubt, no Epilogue will please the Town,

Loose Jests and Smut are damnably cry'd down.

Had Joe Haines sung one, 'twas a way so winning,

'T might pass perhaps, like fine Italian Singing.

Then my best way is humbly thus to fall.

Good People, pray, our Op'ra do not maul!

With rucful Phiz I beg it of you all.

Dear Friends above, for me do your Endeavour,

Stand by me still: Now, now's the time, or never.

Sure I at least the gentle Masks shall please,

They can't deny a Man upon his Knees.

To please the Beaux, I'll study new Grimaces,

For they're bely'd, as they love ugly Faces.

Their own, I mean, in their dear Looking-Glasses.

To please you, Criticks, who sit here uneasy,

I'll study — Nothing — for nothing e're cou'd please ye.

[Knocks.]

*Mrs. Rogers advances.*

*Mrs. Ro.* Hold, Sir, methinks you better words might use.

We should beg Favour, and Defects excuse.

Pray let me try that less presuming Way.

And humbly beg Indulgence, for the Play.

*Mr. Penk.* With all my heart, and so I'll sneak away. } *Exit.*

*Mrs. Rog.* In altering Plays, there's an ungrateful Curse:  
Some still will say they're alter'd for the worse.

If ours be so, sure 'tis a Plot on us ;  
 For he that did it writes for t'other house :  
 Perhaps he does so now two several ways ;  
 Those write for Them who bring us wretched Plays.  
 If with his Stuff he meant our house to break,  
 To disappoint him, kind Sirs, let it take.  
 Let this Play live ; then we stand bravely firſt,  
 But let none come his third day, nor the sixth.  
 To you, bright Beauties, all our Joys we owe,  
 You're the kind Stars from whom our Blessings flow.  
 Cheer'd by your Beams we boast a second Life,  
 And Pleasure's doubled by a gen'rous Strife.  
 To prop us now, new Favours on us show'r,  
 And still be great in Mercy, as in Pow'r.

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